STREET SPIRIT

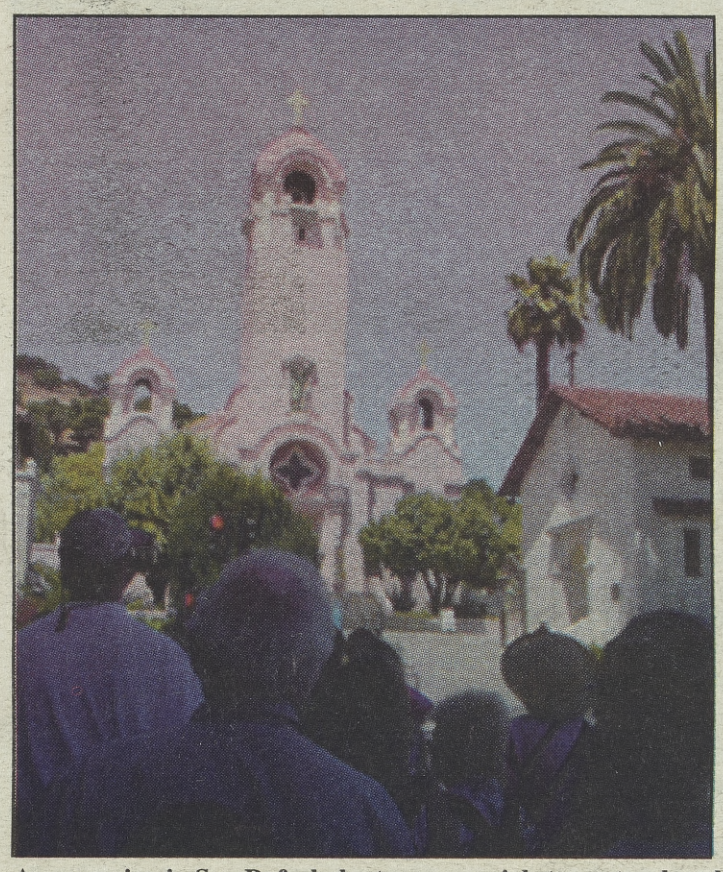
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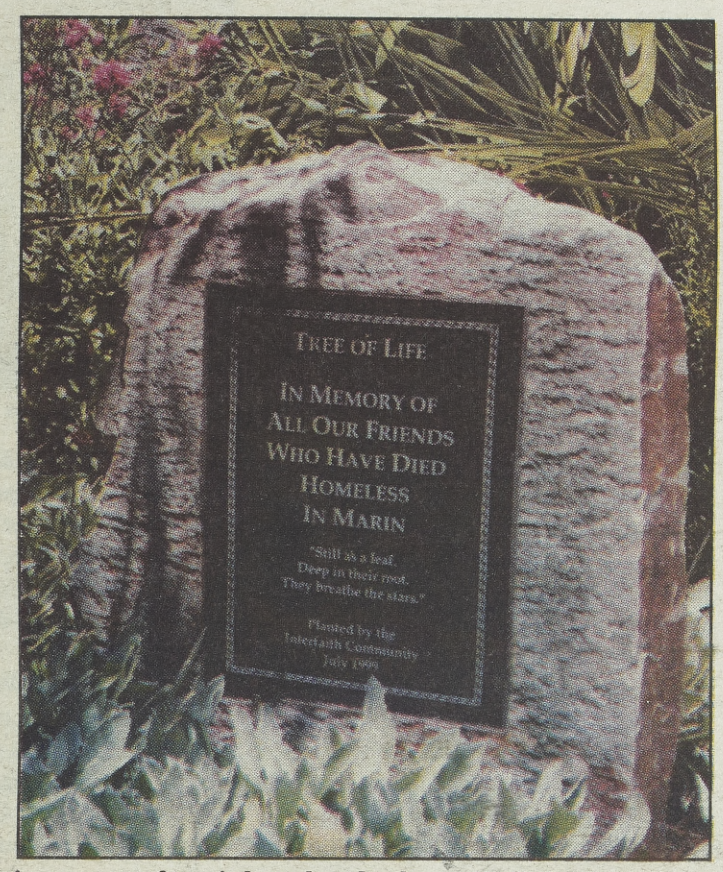
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JUSTICE NEWS & HOMELESS BLUES IN THE BAY AREA

They Die in Poverty on the Streets of the Rich

Marchers take to the streets as homeless people continue to die in affluent Marin County.





A procession in San Rafael plants a memorial stone at a church in memory of tragic homeless deaths. Neville Armstrong photos

by Chaplain Chris Highland,
Marin Interfaith Homeless Chaplaincy

"We serve the good of the world by refraining from causing suffering... we shall refrain from doing so only if we cherish the lives of other creatures as we do our own." — Mahatma Gandhi

She ran for a bus, her only transportation, and the bus ran over her. He broke into a sporting goods store, got a gun, took it to his camp and shot himself.

Her disability finally made her so weak her body simply collapsed.

He lost his job as a programmer and volunteered working with wounded animals, but a seizure killed him.

He was only two, bright-eyed and full of promise, yet it took but one minute for him to drown in the pool.

He came from Haiti, became a citizen and looked for work. Even with a big smile, his big heart couldn't take the stress of the street....

***

Story after story of women, men, children. Our neighbors, our friends, our family, our community who have fallen on the road to an elusive, at times illusive, place called "home." These fallen "heroes" had next to nothing. But they were each a valuable, irreplaceable human being. Each worth remembering. Every loss a diminishing of the heart of America.

What happened to the "home of the brave?" Brave souls are losing the battle on the streets all around us. This is the real terrorism: that veterans of international wars and internal wars are losing their greatest fight in broad daylight, in full view. So many who want little more than a small plot of "the land of the free." Sadly, some find their only piece of America is a plot, a grave, and maybe a few to remember they lived.

The Marin Interfaith Homeless Chaplaincy is a traveling roadshow of human lives caught in the open. Every July we lead a memorial procession of roofed and unroofed neighbors through the streets of San Rafael to our living memorial in front of St. Raphael Catholic Church.

In 1999, we silently wheeled a small Japanese maple tree from Green Gulch Zen Farm through town, planting it at the mission. A crowd of 100 draped armbands with the names of dozens of "brave ones" who had died on the streets on the small limbs of the tree.

In 2000, we placed a stone with a plaque by the tree. The plaque bore the poetic words of Bob King: "*Still as a leaf, Deep in their root, They breathe the stars.*"

See **A Living Memorial in Marin** *page 20*

Daly Stands Up for the Human Rights of Poor People

The *Street Spirit* Interview with S.F. Supervisor Chris Daly

by Carol Harvey

San Francisco Supervisor Chris Daly was heavily criticized by the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Examiner* for committing civil disobedience to protest the refusal of Hastings Law School to include affordable housing in its controversial plan to build an 885-car parking garage in the Tenderloin.

On June 7, 2002, housing activists Sister Bernie Galvin (Religious Witness with Homeless People), Ted Gullicksen (S.F. Tenants Union), Randy Shaw (Tenderloin Housing Clinic), and District 6 Supervisor Chris Daly joined forces to protest Hastings Law School's plan to build a massive parking garage on a site more suitable for affordable housing for poor and homeless Tenderloin residents.

Speaking before the Hastings Board of Directors, Randy Shaw revealed the connection between Hastings board member Jack Smith and State Sen. John Burton.



Jason Doiy photo from San Francisco Sentinel website at www.sanfranciscosentinel.com/

S.F. Supervisor Chris Daly, sitting next to Sister Bernie Galvin, is placed in a pain hold by a San Francisco police officer during a protest at Hastings Law School.

This revelation, along with the timely act of civil disobedience, evidently galvanized Burton to call Hastings board members that night, warning that millions of dollars in state funding might be withheld from Hastings unless they reconsidered their vote to build a garage with no housing.

During the protest, an SFPD officer applied a pain-control hold to Supervisor Daly's hand; his thumb still lacked feeling several weeks later. Daly was pilloried in the press, which declared it to be inappropriate for a supervisor to participate in a nonviolent act of civil disobedience.

When I learned of Daly's arrest, and the subsequent, heavy-handed attacks on his reputation by the *Chronicle* and *Examiner*, I flashed back to a night several weeks ago when, strolling through Fisherman's Wharf, I spotted a *San Francisco Examiner* on a rack outside a mom-and-pop store off Ghirardelli Square. The front-page graphic displayed Supervisor Chris Daly, who represents the Tenderloin, South of Market, and Mission districts, posed outside City Hall.

The photo featured a 5,000-mile stare, eyes slitted in bright sunlight, sculptured nose and mouth shot from below, lit dra-

See **Chris Daly Interview** *page 13*

Patients Panic Over Closure of Pain Clinic

Sutter Health slams door on chronically ill patients in Oakland and Berkeley

by Lynda Carson

Rumors regarding the imminent closure of the Alta Bates Summit Medical Center's Pain Clinic became a nightmarish reality for a thousand patients in the East Bay before they ever knew what hit them.

In a terse, one-page letter on June 10, 2002, signed by Warren Kirk, President and CEO of Alta Bates Summit Medical Center, patients started to be notified about the official closure of the Pain Management Service at Summit Medical Center in Oakland as of July 15, 2002. For patients who rely on the medical center to find treatment for chronic pain, the letter was short, blunt and chilling:

"Dear Patient:

The Pain Management Service at Summit Medical Center will close as of July 15, 2002."

The above one-liner sent shock waves through many of the chronically ill in Oakland and surrounding cities. Many report being terrified by the news that the Pain Management Service and Pain Clinic at Summit is being shut down for financial reasons. Hospital officials have made no mention of an appeal process, or formula for community input to stop the closure.

Nearly a third of the patients are known as "pump patients" and need to receive refills of medication in 28-day cycles; some need refills every three weeks due to higher and more frequent doses of medication such as morphine.

The horror and shock is still setting in, said Leona Simms, a patient and longtime Oakland resident. Simms said, "I wake up on a daily basis not knowing what the day will bring since the notice regarding the closure of the Pain Clinic. To have to wake up and face the day with my body throbbing with pain doesn't give me much to think about, except to ask myself, what could these directors be thinking about in closing this comprehensive, most valuable clinic? The pain clinic is our very existence for our day-to-day life, the sweet air that fills our lungs."



Painfighters rally to fight the closure of Summit's Pain Clinic. Lisa Rubin photo

Simms asked, "Where will we go to get pain management treatment if Medicare and Medi-Cal coverage is not accepted at the recommended facilities?"

According to Caroline Kemp, a Summit spokesperson, two-thirds of the patient insurer payments for treatment come from Medicare and Medi-Cal, which fails to offer enough money to keep the clinic open.

Indeed, there seems to be a Catch 22 going on. The patients claim that the pain clinics that they're being referred to by Summit do not have room for more patients, or that none of them will accept Medicare or Medi-Cal coverage because the payments fail to cover the costs of treatment. Many patients of Summit have used Medicare and Medi-Cal as insurance to cover their treatment since the clinic first opened five years ago, and now patients at the clinic claim that they haven't been able to receive medication for the past month, and haven't been able to see their doctors or obtain their medical files.

Many patients now say they are totally stressed out by what has occurred, and are feeling frantic to find a solution before time runs out on them. To counter the claims of patients, spokesperson Kemp states that the clinic may have officially closed on July 15, 2002, but added that Summit will help the 1,000 patients find other treatment centers as an alternative.

The closure of the clinic prompted the formation of a group known as the Painfighters to oppose this scandalous behavior by Sutter Health Care Systems and Alta Bates Summit Medical Center. The Painfighters are patients who have united to expose the wrongdoing by those who closed the pain clinic. Painfighters demand that the clinic remain open because their lives depend upon it.

Lisa Rubin, a patient at Summit Pain Clinic, stated that the vast majority of patients have chronic conditions. Pain makes it even harder for them to live. Clients have tried other pain clinics to no avail, Rubin explained, adding that this pain clinic gave them back their lives.

They can once again make friendships, become mobile, go to movies and restaurants, and join society in the normal ways most people take for granted. Many of the patients would be bedridden if not for the magic of this clinic, said Rubin.

Rubin said she wants the public to be aware that people struggle with pain on a daily basis; patients crash very hard at the end of a long day, and it is very difficult to start the new day. But once they are up and running, they can function for periods throughout the day like most others who are not in the world of the chronically ill.

Word first reached the public about the plight of these patients on Soul Beat International Television when Beverly Blythe invited members of the Painfighters to be guests on her show, "Community Cares."

Members of the group next appeared at the Oakland City Council meeting on July

See **Pain Clinic Closes in Oakland** *page 19*

The Roots of Displacement

Just Cause gets on the ballot, giving poor tenants a new chance in Oakland

by Lisa Gray-Garcia (aka Tiny)
PoorNewsNetwork

My eyes closed as I let the news of Just Cause's triumph in Oakland wash over me and the near-capacity crowd listening to Andrea Cousins at POOR's Community Newsroom. Maybe now, I thought, I could forget, or perhaps transcend, the fear, hurt and loss from each of the unjust, no-cause evictions my mother and I experienced in Oakland.

I listened intently to these words of hope: "I'm Andrea Cousins with Just Cause Oakland. We are an all-volunteer coalition of individuals and 20 community organizations that fought long and hard to put a Just Cause Eviction Measure on the Oakland November 2002 ballot. On June 10th we turned in over 35,000 signatures from Oakland voters saying 'stop unfair evictions in Oakland.'"

"In the last three years, evictions have tripled in Oakland and predominantly lower-income people, people on fixed incomes, people of color, and families have been evicted in Oakland," Andrea continued, as my mind wandered once again to my not-so-distant, heinous past.

Even as I heard the words of Just Cause's triumph, I remembered my landlord's words: "You need to go." I don't remember my landlord's name, nor even how he looked. He could have been a mirage, yet he wasn't; and with those three little words my life and the life of my family would change forever. I remember carefully locking the tears in my tired skull.

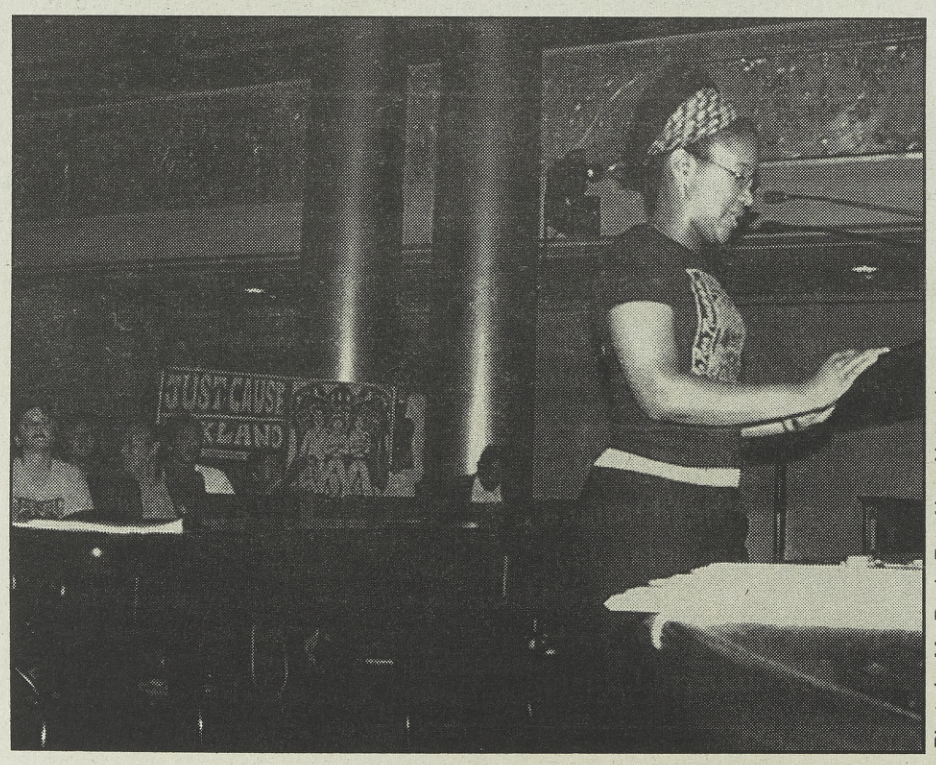


Photo by Mr. Pank, PoorNewsNetwork

Andrea Cousins speaks out for Just Cause at the Oakland City Council meeting.

I remember trying to look sort of tough and confused at the same time as I replied calmly, "You have no legal basis for evicting us." And then his response, each word becoming a long dark echo, like in a really bad horror movie, "WE DON'T need a reason to EVICT YOU."

And then my memory goes dark, along with my life from four years ago, which for a scant eight months had become a little bit normal, a little bit stable, a little bit safe, because my family and I had a home with neighbors and furniture and a bathroom, a home that we could sort of afford.

And then it was over. We ended up homeless. And therein lies the root of displacement, gentrification, homelessness. You see, poor folk like me are already unstable. It is so easy to throw us off course, to mess us up. There is no trust fund or back-up, no family with money or savings to fall back on. And yet, life happens: we lose our jobs, get sick and have no insurance or get evicted, and in just that blink we can be devastated, permanently scarred. Unable to climb back up. Gone like we were never there.

I was brought back to the moment as Andrea continued speaking about Just Cause Oakland. "What we found is that the majority of the evictions that have happened in Oakland over the last three years are evictions for no reason, and when you look at who's being evicted, it's primarily so that people that can pay higher rents can move in so that the developer, the landlord, the rental company will attain greater profit. Not really looking to maintain a sense of community and have families feel a sense of stability in Oakland."

My mom and I finally met up with a decent landlord who even let us pay rent over time whenever we got behind due to our poverty. We are still at-risk, we own nothing and I haven't stopped looking over our collective shoulders, but for a moment we can breathe.

Unfortunately, thousands of other Oakland families continue to face eviction for no cause from their landlords, families like the Sloans who are working with *POOR Magazine* to fight the unjust eviction they recieved from their landlords: the City of Oakland. We will fight for and with them and all the other poor folk who are facing injustices as long as there is breath in all of our lungs, but now because of the tireless work of all of the organizers and tenants involved in Just Cause we JUST might be able to WIN!

Please get involved with Just Cause Oakland. Now that it's on the ballot they need your help more than ever; call them at (510) 464-1011.

Gov. Davis Refuses to Act on Civil Rights Violations

"Gov. Davis doesn't want to listen to anything. He only wants to talk to you when you've got $100,000 for his campaign to wave in his face. He ignored homeless people because we didn't have $100,000."

— Nancy McCradie, Homeless Sleepwalker

by Terry Messman

When homeless people journeyed to Sacramento in July to plead with Gov. Gray Davis for protection from a heavy barrage of anti-homeless laws in cities throughout California, the governor met their urgent appeal with a heavy-handed police roust. Members of a statewide coalition of homeless groups had journeyed to the state capital to make a good-faith appeal to the governor for protection from civil rights abuses. They left the Capitol grounds in handcuffs.

Davis refused to even meet with a delegation from the California Homeless Civil Rights Organizing Project (CHCROP), a statewide coalition of homeless advocacy organizations that had traveled to Sacramento to ask for a moratorium on sleeping bans and other anti-poor laws. Davis refused to discuss the issue with them or accept their petition.

Even as the governor spurned the civil rights group's appeal for an end to persecution, his state police were using one of the most notorious anti-homeless laws — "illegal lodging" — to arrest homeless activists during a vigil asking for protection from precisely such civil rights abuses.

It was hoped that the Capitol might be, at least for a symbolic moment, a small island of refuge from the cruel persecution that has criminalized homeless people nearly everywhere; the arrests made it clear that there is no sanctuary anywhere.

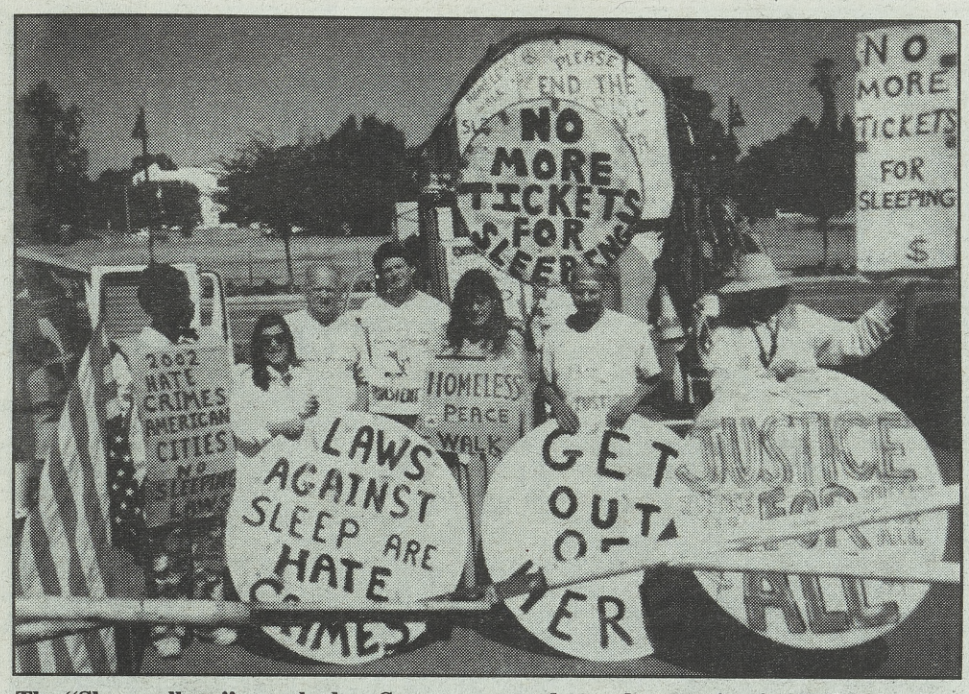
After Davis refused to meet with CHCROP members on July 9, activists held a rally on July 10, calling on the governor to provide "executive protection" from discriminatory laws and permit them to sleep on the grounds of the Capitol until a moratorium on sleeping bans is enacted. Davis again refused to even send a representative out to hear their concerns.

Nancy McCradie, a homeless woman who had mounted a two-months-long "Sleep Walk" from San Diego to Sacramento, expressed outrage at the governor's refusal to meet with the homeless, charging that Davis was so corrupt he would only meet with big campaign contributors. "Gov. Davis doesn't want to listen to anything," McCradie said. "He only wants to talk to you when you've got $100,000 for his campaign to wave in his face. He ignored homeless people because we didn't have $100,000."

At the end of the rally, participants set up a small tent encampment and began a sleep-out on the lawn of the Capitol. The California Highway Patrol quickly tore down the tent-like structure and hauled it away, but promised the homeless activists that they would be permitted to hold an overnight vigil, since the Capitol grounds are open to the public.

As soon as the news media left, the CHP officers turned their promises into lies, and began an hours-long campaign of threats, harassment and intimidation. The police repeatedly threatened the vigil members with arrest, shined flashlights directly into their eyes, and roughly confiscated the tape recorder of homeless activist Robert Norse, who was trying to record their broken promises and threats.

Finally, the state police began arresting



The "Sleepwalkers" marched on Sacramento to demand protection for civil rights.

the demonstrators in the middle of the night, including this writer. For the crime of lying down on a blanket, we were arrested, jailed, and charged with violating the state's illegal lodging law and with "refusing to leave the scene of a riot." Homeless activists who dare to lie down to sleep can now be charged with rioting.

THE LONGEST SLEEPWALK

Nancy McCradie and Bob Hansen kicked off this campaign to decriminalize sleep on May 20 when they began "sleepwalking" all the way from San Diego to Sacramento. They passed through dozens of cities along the way, educating the public about the draconian bans on sleeping, camping, sitting on sidewalks, and living in vehicles being enacted all over the state.

McCradie and Hansen journeyed with "The Big White Buffalo" — a white Dodge truck with a large, rounded fiberglass roof made to look like a covered wagon. The colorful shelter-on-wheels was topped with huge protest signs, political graffiti, shopping carts, basketball hoops, an American flag and a life preserver, all symbolic of the homeless community's aspirations for a safe place to sleep. The sleepwalkers traveled from San Diego up the coast all the way to Santa Cruz, then veered over to San Jose, San Francisco and Berkeley, finally ending up in Sacramento for the rally on July 9-11.

"We felt that by educating people about the fact that the homeless can't sleep legally, that we would spearhead some activism," McCradie explained. "I'm concerned about it because criminalization of the homeless doesn't do anything to stop the process of homelessness. All it does is make it more difficult for people to get back on their feet. What causes homelessness is all the different negative aspects of society like high rents, low income, and disease and disability."

McCradie invested two months of her life into this long journey for justice. At the end of the road, she saw the homeless community's plea for protection fall on deaf ears, and she was locked up in Sacramento jail for taking part in the sleep-out. But her spirits were unbowed.

"We talked to a lot of people in a lot of cities," McCradie said. "It was a very positive experience. Because when we said, 'The right to sleep,' people were asking questions about it, and we could start talking about solutions. I loved the rally. I think it made the homeless feel good and got their spirits up to realize that there are some people fighting for their rights."

Paula Lomazzi, a homeless woman and organizer with the Sacramento Homeless Organizing Committee (SHOC), said that many people are arrested for sleeping along the American River and taken directly to jail. Lomazzi said that cities are trying to outdo one another with the severity of their anti-homeless laws.

"It seems like cities all over the nation are passing city ordinances against sleeping outdoors or homelessness in general," Lomazzi said. "They're trying to get rid of the problem by making it illegal to be homeless, but they're not getting to the issues of affordable housing and shelters or public restrooms. They're just making laws against things that people have no choice but to commit."

CLAMPDOWN IN SACRAMENTO

As one of those arrested for illegal lodging and taken to Sacramento County Jail, I received an unforgettable glimpse of what a police state for the homeless looks like in our state capital. The clocks have stopped in the Sacramento jail and the calendar has frozen permanently at the year 1984. The jail aspires to the total-control police-state tactics described in George Orwell's prophetic novel.

The first homeless prisoner I met was Michael Tinius, who had been arrested simply for sleeping peacefully by himself near the Blue Diamond almond plant in Sacramento. The Blue Diamond plant had no problem with him being there, but the Sacramento police arrested Tinius and took his beloved dog, "Boy," to the pound. In most cities in California, Tinius would have received, at most, a citation or a fine for illegal camping. In Sacramento, he was jailed for several days.

Tinius said that the police usually hold him in jail a few days, then release him without filing charges; that way, they punish homeless people by confining them in hellishly bad conditions but avoid the expense of a trial where charges might be dismissed anyway.

The punishment that Tinius and other homeless prisoners face in Sacramento County Jail is quite severe. I have served jail sentences for civil disobedience scores of times in many cities, but the Sacramento jail is the single most dehumanizing, oppressive jail I've ever encountered.

The Sacramento County Jail is notoriously overcrowded, filthy, and unventilated. We were crammed into stiflingly hot, jam-packed holding cells with no ventilation and no air circulation on one of the hottest days in Sacramento history. The jailers deliberately delay, for hours or days on end, the release even of prisoners who will never be charged of any crime. The result is that inmates are stacked on top of one another in crowded cells where there isn't even any floor space left.

Prisoners are forced to walk down jail corridors in chain-gang style — heel-to-toe, eyes straight ahead, shoulders jammed against the wall, while guards bark out abuse.

Dozens of prisoners were crammed into a "release cell" for several hours in an unventilated cell so overcrowded, hot and airless, that the older inmates were on the verge of collapsing. When Robert Norse bravely asked for air and for medical attention for an older inmate, the jailer harshly snarled at him to come out of the release cell. For valiantly asking for air to breathe, Norse was locked away back in the holding cell, which resulted in him spending several extra hours in that police-state jailhouse.

NO SANCTUARY IN SACRAMENTO

Attorney Tommy Clinkenbeard of the Sacramento public defender's office said that homeless people are commonly arrested for sleeping outdoors, camping along the river, or simply for possessing sleeping bags. After witnessing police sweeps of homeless camps on the American River, Clinkenbeard realized that homeless people had no real defense against this repression, and began a legal clinic at Loaves and Fishes, a large homeless agency in Sacramento.

"I would say probably at least half of the cases we do at the legal clinic deal with what they call illegal camping," he said. Many are arrested for sleeping along the river, but homeless people are also arrested for sleeping in downtown alleys and virtually anywhere else in city limits.

Clinkenbeard defended 19 homeless people arrested for illegal camping while sleeping on a downtown church's steps — even though the church gave them permission to sleep there. He eventually got all 19 cases thrown out, but the homeless defendants had already been punished by being arrested and jailed for a few days.

"What they do a lot is arrest somebody for illegal camping, throw them in jail, let them sit there for three or four days," Clinkenbeard said. Homeless defendants may never be charged or found guilty of a crime, but meanwhile, they have already been punished by being jailed in hellish conditions, losing their possessions and having their encampment destroyed.

"The whole thing is a harassment measure," Clinkenbeard said. "It's all about harassing homeless people and getting them to move on." He added that officials find it easier to jail homeless people in an attempt to drive them away, rather than finding solutions to homelessness.

"They don't want to put the energy or the money into fixing the problem, so we stigmatize people," he said. "We did that with Japanese-Americans during World War II; we did it to African-Americans in supporting a slave-based economic system; we did it to American Indians; we've done it to the Irish; we've done it to Catholics. We have a history of stigmatizing people and making them second-class citizens and then we put labels on them.

"That's exactly what's happened to homeless people. People are intolerant, they're impatient, they're tired of homeless people and people panhandling, without ever recognizing why this is happening in the richest society in the world. Instead of dealing with that and trying to fix it, it's easier to do what we've always done, which is stigmatize, label, and push it out of our sight. That's why you see downtown merchants' associations trying to get the homeless out of downtown — they don't want to have to see homeless people."

Clinkenbeard said police selectively enforce laws against the poor in the same way that other minorities have been selectively discriminated against. "There's a ton of examples of the selective enforcement of the law, which is real characteristic of a group of people who have been stigmatized as second-class citizens," he said. "Selective enforcement is a way of harassing homeless folks, and telling them, 'You're going to be picked on. You're going to be harassed until you move on and we don't have to see you.'"

Newsom's Campaign to Take Money from the Poor

When no hotel rooms are available, the only use for one of Newsom's vouchers would be at one of the city's emergency shelters, which are currently FREE!

by Ed Willard, *PoorNewsNetwork*

It was an uncomfortably hot Saturday morning in early summer as I walked up 7th Street in the Tenderloin district of San Francisco, towards the offices of People Organized To Win Employment Rights (POWER). Upstairs, seven other POWER members were already assembled; we spent 40 minutes locking brains to come up with a way to interfere with S.F. Supervisor Gavin Newsom's kickoff campaign to collect the 15,000 signatures needed to get his measure to slash General Assistance (GA) benefits onto November's ballot.

As an organization that has been fighting to get better conditions for folks receiving assistance in San Francisco, POWER seemed a natural to fight Newsom's campaign. After our short meeting we descended the stairs back out onto the hot street to walk the short distance over to Local 88 on Market Street.

We arrived at a scene of hustle and bustle. A Channel 5 news van was parked outside and the entrance to the upstairs meeting hall was a mob of people. Showing up dressed as we were, we supplied a sharp contrast to this young Republican-looking crowd. At least four of us had worn our POWER T-shirts; I had mine on under my leather jacket.

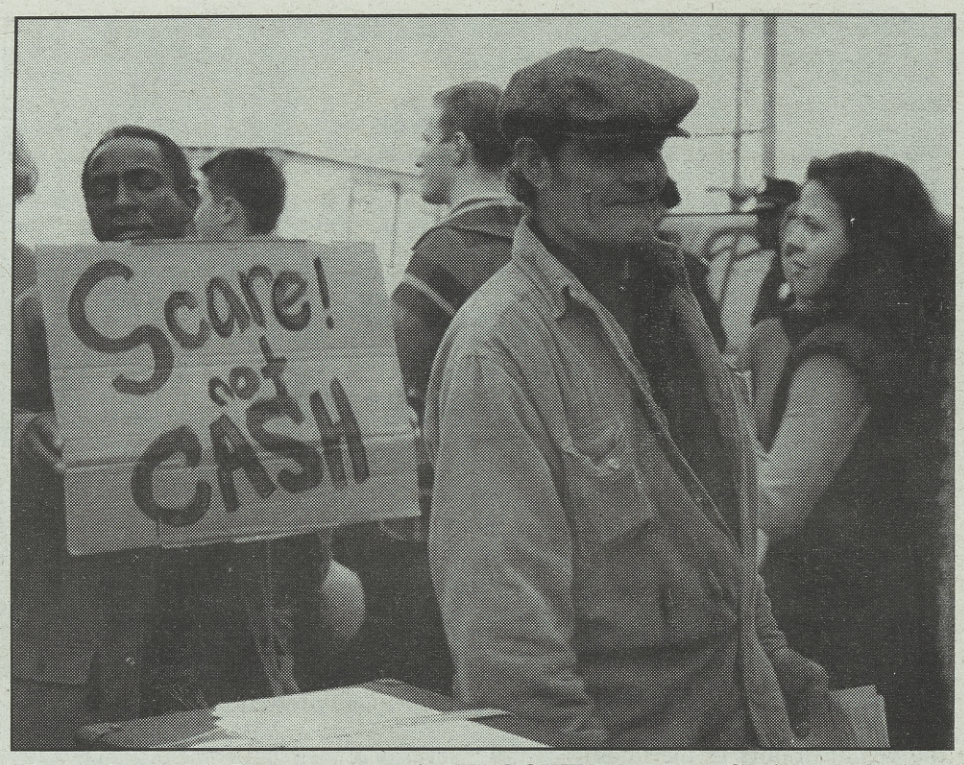
When I arrived, Steve Williams, the director of POWER, quickly took me aside, saying, "Ed, we need a spy up there in the meeting!" As the only white boy amongst us, I was elected. Quickly I pulled my long, scraggly hair back into a pony tail and, despite the heat, zipped up my jacket, hiding the T-shirt with the picture of the angry African-American woman with raised fist.

Nervously looking around for any possible security, I entered the building and climbed the long flight of stairs. Suddenly my hair, clothes and everything about me seemed grungy and I had to forcefully dismiss from my mind the sure conviction that I'd be recognized, challenged and ejected any second. When I arrived at the top of the stairs I spotted a table set up in the lobby for volunteer sign-up, but after a moment's scrutiny I saw that people were passing by this freely into the main hall and I did the same.

The scene was disheartening. A *lot* of people, (I estimated 150), had turned out for this thing! Nervously, I began to mingle, walking around the perimeter of the big hall and soon I got the information I was looking for. Posted on the wall roughly in the four corners of the room were big pieces of butcher paper with locations, (Cala Foods at 18th and Castro, Safeway at the Marina, etc.). I jotted these down.

Soon the MC grabbed a microphone and began addressing the crowd, introducing speakers: first a doctor from the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic, followed by Newsom himself. It didn't take me long to get the picture. The doctor was supplying credibility to Newsom's main justification for cutting the GA cash, walking the same ground that former San Francisco politicians and lawmakers have tread, ad nauseam: People on welfare can't be trusted with cash, they'll just use it for drugs.

The doctor told his story about how, "just when we'd be starting to get somewhere with people, the 1st or the 15th (checkdays) would roll around and we'd lose them." Then Newsom was up and he got out his violin to tell the "heartrending" story of the long struggle he had with his conscience before finally, reluctantly, coming to the conclusion that the only humane solution was to take the cash out of GA recipients' hands. Gagging, I hurried out of the place.



"Scare Not Cash!" Protesters organized by POWER denounce Gavin Newsom's Care Not Cash proposal as a cruel attack on poor people. Ed Willard photo

Outside, I received pats on the back for my successful spy mission. We started to plan how best to split up to go out to the different signature locations. By this time our group had been joined by a couple of members from the Coalition on Homelessness and the press had started to notice us. The news stations interviewed POWER members Larry Latimore, Willie Garner and Jason Negron. The next day, Larry's interview was aired on TV supplying an opposite viewpoint to Newsom's lies — chiefly, that *nowhere* in Newsom's proposal is there any guarantee of the housing or services that the initiative is purporting that it will give to people in exchange for the cash they are getting now.

Newsom's propaganda would have the public seeing it like this: Most everyone getting General Assistance is a totally irresponsible, chronic drug user that can't be trusted to make a decision on her or his own. Since the city is giving people a handout, it can do so in any form it sees fit.

An essential condition this flawed viewpoint ignores is that everyone receiving the GA stipend has to *work* for the money, sweeping the streets or cleaning city buses. Over the last couple of years, due precisely to the work of POWER and other advocacy/activist groups, the situation with workfare has changed somewhat; but before this, and going back nearly 20 years all the way to the institution of workfare under Mayor Dianne Feinstein, the city had, year in and year out, two to three thousand workfare workers doing identical jobs as city hired workers who were being paid union scale, (14 to 23 dollars per hour). ALL FOR MINIMUM WAGE, saving the city a whopping $30 million a year. All this by a bunch of irresponsible drug addicts who (if we listen to Newsom) barely know enough to tie their own shoes right.

So just who is Gavin Newsom? Let's get a little background on him. Earlier in the year, Newsom introduced a number of measures to be voted on by the Board of Supervisors. These measures constitute an all-out attack on San Francisco's poor and homeless. If it became law, one of Newsom's proposals would make panhandling on median strips illegal and punishable by a $500 dollar fine. The same would go for urinating or defecating in public (this when there are increasingly fewer and fewer public restrooms in the city).

But Newsom's most poisonous attack comes in the form of a slash to San Francisco welfare benefits. Currently, those of us receiving General Assistance get about $320 per month. If Newsom's proposal becomes law, this cash will be cut to only $59 per month and the rest will be issued in the form of vouchers for services. The biggest chunk of this would be in the form of a housing voucher.

This is a revisiting of ground that other politicians and bureaucrats have stomped over on a number of occasions. In the summer of 1999, conservative bureaucrat Earl Rynerson introduced the infamous Prop E in a bid to get the laws changed so that 85 percent of the GA check would be reduced to vouchers. At that time, the vouchers would have made it possible for a person to get into one of the fleabag, SRO (single room occupancy) hotels for a couple of weeks per month.

These SRO hotels were then, and still are now, rat-infested and the hangout of drug users and criminals. Even back in 1999, there was a serious shortage of rooms in these downtown hotels, a situation which has worsened considerably now since seven of these hotels have been destroyed by fire.

When no rooms are available, the only use for one of Newsom's vouchers would be at one of the city's emergency shelters, which are currently FREE!! No, you didn't read it wrong. If Newsom's plan becomes law, the city will be handing GA folks a voucher worth about 200 bucks with the right hand, only to snatch it back with the left, and anyone who's stayed in one of these shelters sure knows they aren't worth 200 dollars a month!

Of course, the idea behind this nastiness is to make things extremely difficult for the poor so that folks will go elsewhere and the streets will be "cleaned up" for the attraction of tourists and the megabucks profit of big business interests.

When POWER found out about Newsom's plans, we launched a counterattack. Through these efforts, we were able to win over to our side the support of the three supervisors on the committee who would be voting on the measures. In conjunction with the Coalition on Homelessness, Poor Magazine and other advocacy groups, we also organized a press conference where we made public Newsom's plans. The effect of all of this was that, a few days before the public meeting at City Hall, where public comment would be heard and the proposal voted on by the supervisors, chickenshit Newsom, smelling defeat, withdrew it.

Newsom, who's been given the handle "pretty boy" because he's a tall, slim, glamour boy who gets written up regularly in the San Francisco society columns, is Willie Brown's hand-picked successor to be the next mayor of San Francisco. Newsom was Brown's appointee for supervisor in 1997, when a seat was vacated. He comes from silver-spoon kind of old money and has the support of others of the same ilk (most notably billionaire Gordon Getty; Newsom is known to pal around with his son Billy Getty).

Now, with the support of Brown's Democratic machine, Newsom is following in Willie Brown's footsteps, launching an offensive against the homeless that has enough of the earmarks of nastiness to put it on a par with the mayor's long and vile record of similar crimes against the poor and working class.

Newsom recently took a trip to New York City to study then-Mayor Giuliani's homeless plan, one facet of which is its use of homeless people as dirt-cheap labor that gets farmed out to corporations such as Toyota and Citibank. If Newsom and like-minded individuals (namely Mayor Brown and George Smith, director of the Mayor's Dept. of Homelessness) have their way, San Francisco's homeless will continue to live in shelters while doing slave labor to benefit downtown interests, and his measures that criminalize normal human behavior, (sleeping and the performance of bodily functions), will give the police carte blanche to "sweep" the streets often enough to give the impression that something is being done about the homeless problem. This is exactly the "solution" that Giuliani's zero-tolerance plan has accomplished in New York City.

Being homeless is no picnic, even on the warm days. A thought rolls through my mind, "Why, oh why, is it that snakes like Newsom spend so much money on campaigns to take away what little some of us have when these same dollars could be put into affordable housing, living wage job programs and the like?"

For information on how you can get involved to help us fight Newsom's campaign, call: Jason Negron at POWER, (415) 864-8372.

Summer in the City of Greed

by George Wynn

let me write the words
which speak of people's
strangled lives in the
city by the bay

you see them
who can't pay —
the men with beards
the women without makeup
pushing their belongings
through wounded streets
scrutinized like expert
jabs of skilled boxers
which is how
scorn kills the spirit

insensitivity pierces
the sultry air
no fan can cool

as if things weren't bad enough
here comes the snake oil man
Gavin Newsom
who pretends to give a damn
harping sever the welfare
leaving po' folks smarting
no more cash for bums
heaven-sent B.S.
social programs instead
oh boy!
when will
the needs
of homeless
folks ever
be met

Haight Ashbury Free Clinic Not Supporting Newsom Plan

Despite Newsom's inflated claims, his alleged support from the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic is vanishing like the Cheshire Cat's smile.

by Carol Harvey

"The baby grunted again... 'If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear,' said Alice, seriously, 'I'll have nothing more to do with you...'

'Did you say pig, or fig?' said the Cheshire Cat.

'I said pig,' replied Alice; 'and I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy.'" — Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*

Yesterday, the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic's Dove logo and link appeared on Gavin Newsom's Care Not Cash website. Like the Cheshire cat, at the clinic's request, it is gone today.

In his promotional op ed in the July 16th *Chronicle* for his Care Not Cash initiative, Newsom wrote: "I have joined with medical professionals and organizations such as Dr. Pablo Stewart of the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic... in support of comprehensive reform of how we provide care to homeless San Franciscans."

Samsun Wong's July 16th Political Notebook, "Winning Care Not Cash," echoes, "Newsom has constantly emphasized the medical community's support (repeatedly citing)... Dr. Pablo Stewart of the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic."

In his *Chronicle* article on July 2, "Homeless measure makes sense/Care Not Cash plan should make ballot," Ken Garcia quoted Dr. Frank Staggers, Jr., medical director of the Free Clinic's substance abuse programs. "We're seeing Third World-type poverty and malnutrition, and anything that gets these people more food I would support."

Garcia incorrectly connected Staggers to proponents of Care Not Cash following this quote: "That will explain why... compassionate people such as Dr. Pablo Stewart of the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic... are solidly behind Newsom's plan."

In an interview, Dr. Staggers told me, "I am an apolitical advocate for homeless people without polemic or agenda."

Do such disinformative maneuvers undermine Care Not Cash's credibility? Do Newsom's suddenly vanishing claims of support from the medical community amount to — in the terms of Alice in Wonderland — a baby, a pig, or a fig(ment) of his political imagination?

Ken Garcia's article suggests that both Dr. Staggers, and the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic medical staff en bloc, support Newsom's Care Not Cash plan. Yet on July 17, 2002, Majett Whiteside, administrator at the Free Clinic told me, "CEO Dr. Darryl Inaba states that we have not accepted or adopted an official policy on the Care Not Cash initiative."

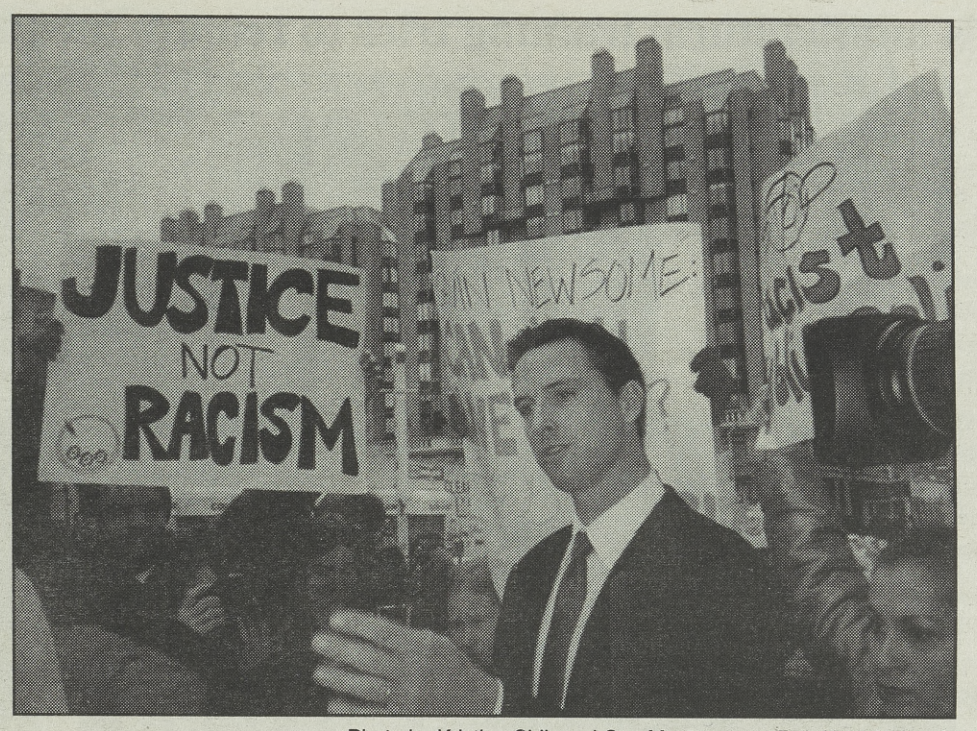


Photo by Kristine Shih and Gay Montgomery, PoorNewsNetwork

Homeless protesters denounced S.F. Supervisor Gavin Newsom as inhumane at his first press conference to announce his plan to drastically cut General Assistance.

On July 18, 2002, Dr. Inaba, CEO of the Haight Ashbury Clinic, answered my phone query: "Does the Haight Ashbury Clinic or any of its doctors support Care Not Cash?"

"We have written clarifying letters to the editors," he replied. "To date, none have been published. This has me concerned about the objectivity of the papers. My biggest concerns are: How does he (Newsom) assume that the 2,500 people on GA are all addicts? And where are they going to go right away? I don't know of 2,500 more slots for treatment or beds in the city."

"Most of the women patients I've got are routinely and repeatedly raped within a few days of being homeless because it is very hard to protect yourself. They reverse their sleep patterns because if they stop moving at night, they'll get raped." — Dr. Frank Staggers, Haight Ashbury Free Clinic

"Has the clinic ever come out in support of Care Not Cash?" I asked Dr. Inaba.

"No," he answered. "We haven't decided whether we are for or against it. To be honest, we've never taken any vote. Several doctors, Dr. Joseph Elson, Medical Clinic director, and a psychiatrist here, Dr. Adam Nelson, are strongly opposed. He (Garcia) is quoting a doctor, saying it represents the Haight Ashbury Clinic. The doctor is not authorized to speak on behalf of the Haight Ashbury Clinic."

"Dr. Stewart supports that initiative," Inaba continued. "He has worked here many years as a real advocate for homeless rights and care. He is frustrated over lack of resources for (them). He may have been misled that this (Care Not Cash) will give them more care. I have heard him tell newspaper people this is his own personal opinion, but Gavin and everybody else keeps quoting him as the Haight Ashbury Clinic."

To counter this mistaken impression that the Haight Ashbury Clinic is supporting Newsom's proposal, Dr. Inaba sent out a press release on July 18 with the headline: "Haight Ashbury Free Clinics Take No Official Position on Care Not Cash November Ballot Measure."

The statement is worth quoting at some length: "Haight Ashbury Free Clinics, Inc. (HAFCI) today announced that it has taken no position on the Care Not Cash November ballot measure that changes the way the City approaches the dispensing of homeless services. It has come to our attention that several of our employees have taken public stands on this ballot initiative, either pro or con, and we want the public to know that Haight Ashbury Free Clinics as an organization has not taken an official position on the measure," said Darryl Inaba, HAFCI's Chief Executive Officer.

"While we support an individual's right to speak out on matters of public policy, any statements attributed to HAFCI employees in regard to the Care Not Cash initiative are their own personal opinions, and not the official policy of our organization," added Dr. Inaba.

In an interview, I asked Dr. Staggers, "How do you answer the claim of Newsom's Care Not Cash folks that the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic is solidly behind their new proposal? Ken Garcia has written this article with your quotes suggesting you support Newsom's Care Not Cash initiative."

Dr. Staggers replied, "When he called, I told Ken Garcia, 'It is shameful that I am seeing Third World poverty.' The true context of my statement was the atrocious state of homeless care I see in San Francisco, not that I am supporting this or that. People have taken that Third World poverty quote and said, 'He must be behind Gavin Newsom.' I don't have a position (on Care Not Cash) that I am willing to state publicly. I have no comment. My position is as an advocate for the homeless. They are underserved, and they die quicker."

"How does he (Newsom) assume that the 2,500 people on GA are all addicts? And where are they going to go right away? I don't know of 2,500 more slots for treatment or beds in the city."

— Dr. Darryl Inaba, CEO, Haight Ashbury Free Clinic

Garcia's pairing and placement of Dr. Staggers' quote immediately before Dr. Pablo Stewart's, a single Haight Ashbury Clinic M.D. who supports vouchers, was particularly innovative in its attempt to suggest a political position by association.

It shifted the focus toward Care Not Cash and away from Dr. Staggers' life's work in promoting adequate health and social services for homeless people.

Dr. Staggers said, "I'm an addiction, hypertension, and published stress specialist. I've been in this business since the '80s and with the Clinic since 1990. Before I came here, I was with clinics in Alameda County, and I direct a Hayward methadone program. I have designed homeless shelters and programs. I trained at Highland Hospital in Oakland. I was surprised because I thought it (allowing himself to be interviewed) was a way to get my feeling out there. He (Garcia) didn't do it that way. He said my words exactly. But, it's just the way they're situated. I can't speak for Pablo Stewart.

"It (Garcia's quote) makes it look like, 'Dr. Staggers is saying, he supports anything, so he must support this,' and I was

See **Haight Ashbury Clinic** *page 19*

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Reaching Beyond the Ivory Tower of Medicine

Children's Hospital's multicultural training tries to remove inequality in health care

by Lydia Gans



Participants gather at Children's Hospital Oakland for a weekly discussion of the Multicultural Curriculum Program. From left to right, Ariel Chairez (staff), Matthew Uretsky (staff), Dr. Edward Chu (program director), Dr. Corey Jordan (resident physician), Katherine Castillo (staff), and Joyce Hume (parent of a patient). Lydia Gans photo

It's been ten years since the verdict exonerating the policemen who beat up Rodney King precipitated an outbreak of rioting in Los Angeles and a lot of discussion and soul searching all over the country. For some years before, issues of racism seem to have been pushed into the background of most American's consciousness.

Flagrant discrimination against African-Americans and other people of color seemed to be decreasing and it had become easy for some to ignore disparities in access to the basic requisites of life in a democratic society: housing, education, job opportunities, health care, etc. The verdict and the ensuring riots once more made people look at these issues.

Children's Hospital in Oakland was one of the places where intense discussion of these issues on the part of physicians and staff evolved into an impressive program of action. Dr. Edward Chu, Director of the Multicultural Curriculum Program at Children's Hospital, describes how it came about. "They saw what was going on in the world, looked at our own institution and our community and realized that disparity, racism and issues of community involvement are paramount to Children's Hospital and that they (needed to) start to do something proactive."

What ultimately developed was a four-year program integrated into the training of physicians in residence at Children's Hospital that educates them in treating their very diverse population of children and parents. The Multicultural Curriculum Program offers a forum for discussion of attitudes and problems in providing health care; sends doctors into the community to help and to learn from ethnic neighborhood healthcare providers; and, finally, supports the fourth year residents in carrying out research projects addressing issues of disparities in health care.

This has been a pioneering program. The fact that minorities, people of color, and non-English speakers are likely to receive less than adequate health care is certainly not news to anyone connected with the system, providers or affected consumers. Yet it was never officially recognized until legislation enacted in the last years of the Clinton administration ordered the National Institutes of Health (NIH) to make it a priority to eliminate disparities in health care.

But the disparities are still there, sharpened by the current economic and political crises that all impinge on medical care.

Dr. Chu explains how the nursing shortage, MediCal problems, managed care and the state budget crisis all affect multicultural health. "Managed care often can exacerbate disparities in health care, because if you are competing, health care issues that are important to minority populations often get pushed aside because managed care institutions are interested in managing populations — and money. So there's the risk of pushing minority issues on the backburner because you're interested in giving health care to a healthier population. So it's a natural occurrence in a way that minority issues get pushed aside in health care."

Providing proper health care in a multicultural setting involves many issues beyond examining the patient and prescribing medication and treatment. The non-English-speaking mother needs an interpreter to explain her child's problem to the physician in the first place — an older sibling who is more fluent in the language won't do — and then to make sure she fully understands the diagnosis and the treatment prescribed for her child. It is obvious that trained medical interpreters are essential.

Then there are the more subtle factors. Effective physicians dealing with patients from backgrounds similar to their own are intuitively sensitive to their patients' attitudes and knowledge in treating them. But the extremely diverse population served by Children's Hospital presents different challenges.

Fourth year resident Dr. Sheila Smith is African-American from North Carolina. She talks about "cultural issues" that affect "how physicians approach their patient." "When a patient walks into my office," she explains, "my perspective and their perspective may not be the same. As physicians, it's something we need to realize. Each time a patient walks into our clinic they're bringing in their ideas, their beliefs, background. Those are all the things you have to bring into focus when you're dealing with your patients — not just the medical part of it."

People from other countries and cultures are often accustomed to first going to shamans or native healers for herbs or cupping or other traditional methods. She has learned to understand and accept this.

"It's a part of their medical belief, and as long as it doesn't do any harm, I don't have a problem with it," Dr. Smith says. "I actually encourage it. In my first year in training I would see, especially Southeast Indian kids, they'd come in with the coining, they'd rub with hot oil and make these marks on the body. I would get really freaked out. Now I ask in my everyday questioning, 'What is the method when kids have fever?' 'Well, okay, did it work?' 'Well the fever is a little less.' Good. You take it in stride and then say, 'Here's the Tylenol or Motrin that will help a little bit more with the fever.'"

Dr. Clifford Harris, a former Children's Hospital resident, now has a research fellowship in the Multicultural Curriculum Program to find methods of gauging patient satisfaction for patients from different cultural and linguistic backgrounds. He is working on developing and administering surveys for Spanish-speaking populations.

Harris points out that taking standard surveys and just translating them into other languages doesn't really provide useful information. The usual approach of asking respondents to rate on a scale of 1 to 10 their experiences with the healthcare system just doesn't work.

"It's not something which is done in other countries," Harris explains, "so what you tend to get is, if the experience was acceptable, they just write 10 all the way down the line. So you really end up with very meaningless information. So what was recommended was to design the questions to be more in the yes/no category. To describe a type of service and then to say, 'Did you need this?' Yes/no. 'Did you get this?' Yes/no. Using this, we've got some pretty interesting results."

Dr. Harris found that quite a few patients felt that they didn't get adequate explanations of their children's illness or enough moral support. He used a question that has been asked in a Latino clinic in another city, "Did you feel that language barriers ever resulted in poor care, misdiagnosis or inadequate treatment? About one in ten patients responded affirmatively." That's not a very large number, but it clearly indicates an unmet need.

Besides providing a forum for lectures and discussion in the first two years of residency, participants in the program go out into clinics like Clinica de la Raza in Oakland or Asian Health Services to learn and ultimately to get involved in practicing in the community.

Dr. Chu talks about reaching beyond "the ivory tower of medicine." The program closest to his heart is Kerry's Kids, a mobile health clinic that delivers health care to very poor and homeless children in the East Bay. [See, "Kerry's Kids — A Dream That Wouldn't Die," *Street Spirit*, April 2002.]

Dr. Chu and his two program assistants, Ariel Chairez and Mathew Uretsky, are Kerry's Kids volunteers. It was Dr. Kerry Spooner Dean who first recruited Dr Chu to work with Head Start programs and homeless children, and he, in turn, inspired his assistants.

Mathew Uretsky has a degree in psychology and was working with special needs children. He sees an interconnected pattern of "disparities in health care which I see causing major disparities in educational access." That in turn is tied to socioeconomic issues, creating a cycle of poverty, ill health, and disadvantage.

Ariel Chairez plans to become a pediatrician and is currently applying to medical schools, but he has been volunteering at Children's Hospital "to see what it was like to be a doctor in a hospital." He was inspired by Dr. Chu, who hired him for the Multicultural Curriculum Program. It "really opened my eyes to a lot of disparities," he says.

Chairez knows the experience will make him a better doctor. "I'll be able to take into account a lot of things I hadn't considered. To realize that when a patient comes in they're not necessarily looking at things the same way you are."

At its inception, the focus of the program was largely on the education of doctors going into pediatric practice. But now, Dr. Chu says, "we've taken it from education to a point of activism. Now, not only do we want to make an impact on community health, but we want to be at the forefront of developing new ideas.

"We realize this is not a static issue; it's something that's going to be with us for a long time. The demographics of California are changing. The health care is changing. We want to walk hand in hand with technology to solve long-term health care issues and bring social and cultural factors into medicine on a very ongoing basis."

Better Choices

by Gene Sharee

Everyone tells me, be independent.
Stay in your own home
make your own choices
be with your treasures
be with your friends and neighbors.
But with the first sign of problems
they start checking and planning.

This happened to me
When I started falling.
When I started to forget.
When I needed help getting out of bed.

It was predictable.
The manager told me, "You must leave.
We have to protect other people.
Here's the phone number of Rest in Peace
(It's a good nursing home).
They have professional people.
You have a month to make the move.
Have your daughter clean out the
apartment. There's no other choice."

Why is there no provision
that allows me to remain independent
to make good on our credo,
"Be independent"?

A Woman's Journey from Homelessness to New Hope



Staff and a resident of the North County Women's Shelter in Berkeley. From left, Maryetta Owens, Resource Coordinator; Ami Moe, Resource Specialist; and Doneal Reese, resident at Independent House. Lydia Gans photo

by Maryetta Owens

"To me, the whole story is relevant," Ami Moe begins, describing her journey from being homeless and living in her wheelchair in a Berkeley park, through her step-by-step struggle for survival. She relates her remarkable and hope-filled experiences while sitting amidst the daily bustle which occurs everyday at noon in her job as Resource Specialist for the Women's Resource Center at the Dwight Way facility in Berkeley.

Raised in a wealthy family with a mother who was a psychiatrist and ran several psychiatric halfway houses and a father who had 50 years experience as a studio musician, Ami is the oldest in a family of five girls. Her education included private Catholic schools with two years of Catholic junior college. In 1969, she graduated with a Bachelor's Degree in business and music from Cal State University.

Over the course of 25 years, Ami had raised two children, traveled across the country, and held a successful position managing marketing and promotions in the entertainment industry. "I had never experienced any kind of financial strife," she admits. "I was raised to work hard for what I wanted."

In 1999, she moved back to the familiar Bay Area, a place where she had lived and worked off and on for the past 20 years, a place she affectionately called "home." She had only been in the area for three weeks when she was in a serious car accident, which put her in the hospital for six weeks.

The accident occurred at a point in her life when, as Ami openly admits, she felt immortal. She had no job at the time, no medical insurance. "I didn't care about coverage. I was 17 at heart."

Upon being released from the hospital, she returned home to find the locks on her house had been changed with her roommates and all her belongings, including her purse and wallet, nowhere to be found. Looking back, she recalls that it was pride that prevented her from going to family or friends for help.

Thus it was a stranger, a homeless man who lived in the park, who saved her life by taking her to the Multi Service Center on Bancroft in Berkeley. The counselor at the center started placing calls to different shelters in the area, but as Ami was disabled and in a wheelchair, none were able to accommodate her. Finally, the North County Women's Shelter on Dwight Way agreed to accept her as a client.

She recalls the day clearly. It was two days after she had been released from the hospital. She had no money so she had illegally jumped the BART, in a wheelchair no less. It had just started raining. And it was five minutes after seven o'clock. She knew the shelter closed at seven. Janine Hill, then a shelter counselor, sat at the entrance.

Amidst an outburst of tears, Ami sobbed, "Am I too late?"

"No honey, you are not too late," Janine replied as she walked out and pushed Ami through the door. "You are okay now. Come on in and get something to eat."

Still distraught, exhausted, confused, Ami tried to explain she did not even have a change of clothes for the morning.

Janine's reply was comforting: "Don't worry. We will find you something."

The next morning, Ami awoke to find a bag at the foot of her bed. In the bag was a lime green sweatsuit and a change of underwear. Months later she would discover it was Janine who left this package for her to find in the morning.

The days and weeks that followed were hard ones. "Everything in Berkeley is uphill," Ami says with a solemn laugh. Thus it was the people at the shelter who pushed her literally everywhere she needed to go.

At this point, Ami admits she had lost everything that, at one time, motivated her to get up in the morning. It was Janine once again who came to her rescue, saying, "We need to get you to a thinking point, to a point where you are not just overwhelmed by everything." To put this plan into motion, Janine arranged for Ami to meet with a psychiatrist. Furthermore, she helped her develop an action plan that would be set into motion immediately.

On January 29, 2000, Ami left the shelter on Dwight Way. She moved back onto the street, where she met a group of homeless men and women in the community who proceeded to take care of her for the next four months. They moved into a spot into People's Park and essentially taught Ami everything she needed to know about the homeless community and how to survive as part of it.

It was at this point that Ami decided she needed to give back to the homeless community and the network of people and agencies that worked to support it. She began volunteering her time and was given a position at the information referral desk for the Multi-Agency Service Center (MASC). Once she was out of her wheelchair, the volunteer position was extended to fulltime. At MASC she reopened the clothing distribution program, trained volunteers, and served meals.

After about four months, she was offered a paid position. This gave Ami enough finances to move out of the park and into a motel.

Forever grateful to Janine at the shelter on Dwight Way, Ami called her to thank her. When she made the call, Janine asked her to drop by the shelter soon. Five months after she had moved out of the shelter, Ami found herself back again, sitting in the familiar backyard, relating the details of her life as they had transpired over the course of the past several months.

During this visit, Janine told Ami about a possible opening as a counselor at the shelter. Phillis Beltram, the shelter supervisor, hired Ami to do fill-in work. What started as two nights of work per week soon turned into 50-60 hours per week for Ami.

More and more, she found herself working with women who were in the position she had known so well herself. She began teaching women things no one had been able to tell or to teach her during her time of homelessness. She told them the things she had learned, and with every new woman who came into her life, she found herself growing stronger and stronger.

Six months after she was first hired at the Dwight Way shelter, her employment was extended to full time. She was next given the title of Resource Specialist, serving as the primary liaison between her clients and resources in the community.

Today, Ami testifies, "If, on December 28, 1999, I had not wheeled myself here, in the rain, I would be in a mental institution... or I would be dead."

Instead, she sits in an office on the first floor of the Dwight Way facility, an essential part of the daily operations at the shelter. "If it was not for Janine, if it was not for her lime green sweatsuit..."

Meanwhile, in a room nearby there are women who recite a very similar line. The difference being that they say, "If it was not for Ami..."

Monkey Woman Blues

by Carol Harvey

"I hear Monkey Woman talkin'
Want to talk to Monkey Woman.
Oh, Monkey Woman, you so sad.
Why on earth you feel so bad?

Monkey Woman says,
"Don't feel so fine.
Just sittin' on the curbstone
Drinking my wine."

Want you all to
Listen to this.
Momma and daddy
Don't even exist.
Monkey Woman.

Want you to listen.
Want you to know.
Get a bad start,
You ain't got no show.

Monkey Woman start
Lower than zero.
Now she lookin'
For a hero.

She pick herself up
By her bootstrap,
Started walking
Without a map.
Monkey Woman.

I was sad 'cause
I had old shoes.
I heard Monkey Woman
Singing the blues.

Monkey Woman
Sittin' in the street.
I have shoes.
She has no feet.

Janie Moves On

by Lynda Cobden

Janie wake up, wake up, get out of bed.
We are only allowed to stay in the shelter until 7 a.m.
Everyone has left the dormitory.
Don't burn your bridges.
We want to be eligible to return.
You know the terrors of the street at night and how we must stand guard for one another to stay safe during the long night.
I know you're feverish but you have your sleeping bag and we can go under the freeway to rest.
Later I will get you some chicken soup after we sell some recycled cans.
Nothing would be better than sleeping Janie, but we must move on.
I know you're weary and your muscles are weak but we must move on.

From the Other Side of the Track

by Gene Sharee

Susie was bluesie
What's wrong, what's wrong?
Things went wrong, so wrong, so wrong
She came from the other side of the track
No jack, no jack
She was given the side track
No jack, no jack
He took everything from her
Yes everything from her, he took it all
He took from her, all
Everything she had, everything she had
Made her so mad, so mad, so mad
Gave her a smile, a smile, a smile
That's all he gave, that's all he gave
Give him the sack, the sack
Get rid of this hack, this hack
Start life anew, anew

Corporate-Owned Media Refuse to Address the Deeper Issues of Business Greed and Corruption

by Norman Solomon

Just about every politician and pundit is eager to denounce wrongdoing in business these days. Sinners have defiled the holy quest for a high rate of return. Damn those who left devoted investors standing bereft at corporate altars!

On the surface, media outlets are filled with condemnations of avarice. The July 15 edition of *Newsweek* features a story headlined "Going After Greed," complete with a full-page picture of George W. Bush's anguished face. But after multibillion-dollar debacles from Enron to WorldCom, the usual media messages are actually quite equivocal — wailing about greedy CEOs while piping in a kind of hallelujah chorus to affirm the sanctity of the economic system that empowered them.

At a Wall Street pulpit, Bush declared that America needs business leaders "who know the difference between ambition and destructive greed." Presumably, other types of greed are fine and dandy.

During his much-ballyhooed speech, the president asserted that "all investment is an act of faith." With that spirit, a righteous form of business fundamentalism is firmly in place. The great god of capitalism is always due enormous tribute. Yet wicked people get most of the blame when things go wrong. "The American system of enterprise has not failed us," Bush proclaimed. "Some dishonest individuals have failed our system."

Corporate theology about "the free enterprise system" readily acknowledges bad apples while steadfastly denying that the barrels are rotten. After all, every large-scale racket needs enforceable rules. Rigid conservatives may take their faith to an extreme. ("Let's hold people responsible — not institutions," a recent *Wall Street Journal* column urged.) But pro-



"Nauseating" greed is the right adjective for people who are intent on adding still more money to their hundreds of millions or billions of dollars in personal riches — while, every day, thousands of other human beings are dying from lack of such necessities as minimal health care and nutrition.

Graphic by Art Hazelwood from T*he View From Here*, a book by the Coalition on Homelessness

corporate institutional reform is on the mainstream agenda, as media responses to Bush's sermon on Wall Street made clear.

The *Atlanta Constitution* summarized a key theme with its headline over an editorial: "Take Hard-Line Approach to Restore Faith in Business." Many newspapers complained that Bush had not gone far enough to crack down on corporate malfeasants. "His speech was more pulpit than punch," lamented the *Christian Science Monitor*. A July 10 editorial in the *Washington Post* observed that "it is naive to suppose that business can be regulated by some kind of national honor code." But such positions should not be confused with advocacy of progressive social policies.

"There is one objective that companies can unite around," the *Post* editorial said, "and that is to make money. This is not a criticism: The basis of our market system is that, by maximizing profits, firms also maximize the collective good." Coming from media conglomerates and other corporate giants, that sort of rhetoric is notably self-serving.

It takes quite a leap of faith to believe that when firms maximize profits they also "maximize the collective good." A much stronger case could be made for opposite conclusions.

The Washington Post Co. itself has long served as a good example. A quarter-century ago, the media firm crushed striking press workers at its flagship newspaper. That development contributed to "maximizing profits" but surely did nothing to "maximize the collective good" — unless we assume that busting unions, throwing people out of work and holding down wages for remaining employees is beneficial for all concerned.

Current news coverage does not challenge the goal of amassing as much wealth and power as possible. For Enron's Ken Lay and similar executives, falling from media grace has been simultaneous with their loss of wealth and power. Those corporate hotshots would still be media darlings if they'd kept their nauseating greed clearly within legal limits.

Why "nauseating" greed? Well, maybe you can think of a better adjective for people who are intent on adding still more money to their hundreds of millions or billions of dollars in personal riches — while, every day, thousands of other human beings are dying from lack of such necessities as minimal health care and nutrition.

One day in the mid-1970s, at a news conference, I asked Nelson Rockefeller how he felt about being so wealthy while millions of children were starving in poor countries. Rockefeller, who was vice president of the United States at the time, replied a bit testily that his grandfather John D. Rockefeller had been very generous toward the less fortunate. As I began a followup, other reporters interrupted so that they could ask more news-savvy questions.

Basic questions about wealth and poverty — about economic relations that are glorious for a few, adequate for some and injurious for countless others — remain outside the professional focus of American journalism. In our society, prevalent inequities are largely the results of corporate function, not corporate dysfunction. But we're encouraged to believe that faith in the current system of corporate capitalism will be redemptive.

Norman Solomon's latest book is *The Habits of Highly Deceptive Media*. His syndicated column focuses on media and politics.

Mass Media Was Blind to Risks of the 'New Economy'

by Norman Solomon

With the "New Economy" now in shambles, it's easy for media outlets to disparage the illusions of the late 1990s — years crammed with high-tech mania, fat stock options and euphoria on Wall Street. But we hear very little about the fact that much of the bubble was filled with hot air from hyperventilating journalists.

Traveling back on a time machine, we would see mainstream reporters and pundits routinely extolling the digitally enhanced nirvana of huge profits and much more to come. The "New Economy" media juggernaut was not to be denied.

Sure, journalists occasionally offered the common-sense observation that the boom would go bust someday. But it was a minor note in the media's orchestral tributes to the New Economy. And the bullish pronouncements included an awful lot of hyped bull.

Five years ago, *Business Week's* July 28 edition was scorning "economic dogma" for its failure to embrace the glorious future at hand. "The fact is that major changes in the dynamics of growth are detonating many conventional wisdoms," the magazine declared in an editorial that concluded: "It is the Dow, the S&P 500, and NASDAQ that are telling us old assumptions should be challenged in the New Economy."

A column published on July 24, 1997, in the very conservative *Washington Times*, by economist Lawrence Kudlow, rang the same bell: "Actually, information age high-tech breakthroughs have



undreamed of spillovers that impact every nook and cranny of the new economy." Kudlow was upbeat about "even higher stock prices and even more economic growth as far as the eye can see."

In 1998, the July 20 issue of *Time* was one of many touting the economic miracles of the Internet. "The real economy exists in the thousands — even tens of thousands — of sites that together with Yahoo are remaking the face of global commerce," *Time* reported. The magazine could not contain its enthusiasm: "The real promise of all this change is that it will enrich all of us, not just a bunch of kids in Silicon Valley."

When the last July of the 20th century got underway, *Newsweek* was featuring several pages about the national quest for riches: "The bull market, powered by the cyberboom, is a pre-millennium party that's blowing the roof off the American Dream. It's just that some of us can't seem to find our invitations. And all this new wealth is creating a sense of unease and bewilderment among those of us who don't know how to get in touch with our inner moguls."

Meanwhile, insightful analysis of the "New Economy" received scant mass-media exposure, but it certainly existed. While *Newsweek* was fretting about "inner moguls," for instance, the progressive magazine *Dollars & Sense* published an article by economist Dean Baker warning that the country was in the midst of "a classic speculative bubble." A crash was on the way, Baker pointed out, and it would financially clobber many working people.

Writing three years ago, with the stock market near its peak, Baker anticipated grim financial realities: "Many moderate-income workers do have a direct stake in the market now that the vast majority of their pensions take the form of tax-sheltered retirement accounts such as a 401(k). These plans provide no guaranteed benefit to workers. At her retirement, a worker gets exactly what she has managed to accumulate in these accounts. Right now, a large percentage of the assets in these retirement accounts is in stock funds."

Overall, Baker contended, "the post-crash world is not likely to be a pretty one. The people who take the biggest losses will undoubtedly be wealthy speculators who should have understood the risks. The yuppie apostles of the 'new economy' will also be humbled by a plunging stock market. But these people can afford large losses on their stock holdings and still maintain a comfortable living standard."

Baker concluded his article by predicting a foreseeable tragedy that major media outlets rarely dwelled on ahead of time: "The real losers from a stock market crash will be the workers who lose most of their pensions, and the workers who must struggle to find jobs in the ensuing recession. Once again, those at the bottom will pay for the foolishness of those at the top."

Now that the bubble has burst, most of the hot air about the "New Economy" has dissipated. This summer, the media atmosphere is cool to scenarios for getting rich with shrewd investments. Too late.

Kings of Corporate Excess

And they wonder why polls now rank CEOs below Mad Cow disease in public approval.

by Jim Hightower

Time for another peek into the "Lifestyles of the Rich and Cranky." Some of America's super-rich CEOs are feeling a bit tense and unloved these days, what with their corporate fiefdoms crashing, workers and investors howling for their heads, Congress investigating their finagling, and, gosh, even George W. Bush — Mr. Corporate President — stabbing them in the back.

What to do? For the rich, living well is the best revenge, so if you're going to sulk, sulk in style by building yourself a gargantuan getaway. That's what Andrew Fastow is doing. *USA Today* reports that this mastermind of Enron's maze of offshore partnerships, which led to the loss of thousands of jobs and billions of dollars in retirement wealth for investors, is building a new, 11,000-square-foot chateau in Houston's posh River Oaks section.

Likewise, Diana Brooks, the CEO of Sotheby's who recently pled guilty to price fixing, has retreated to a $4 million waterfront compound in Florida to lick her wounds in luxury; and even the beleaguered Martha Stewart is losing herself in the renovation of two huge homes she owns on her $15 million New York farmette. And, while WorldCom might have imploded, wrecking the future of thousands of workers and investors,

Jim Hightower's Daily Pops of POPULISM



WorldCom CEO Scott Sullivan is living large in Florida, presently constructing a new, $15 million, 24,000-square-foot Mediterranean-style mansion with five buildings and its own private lagoon.

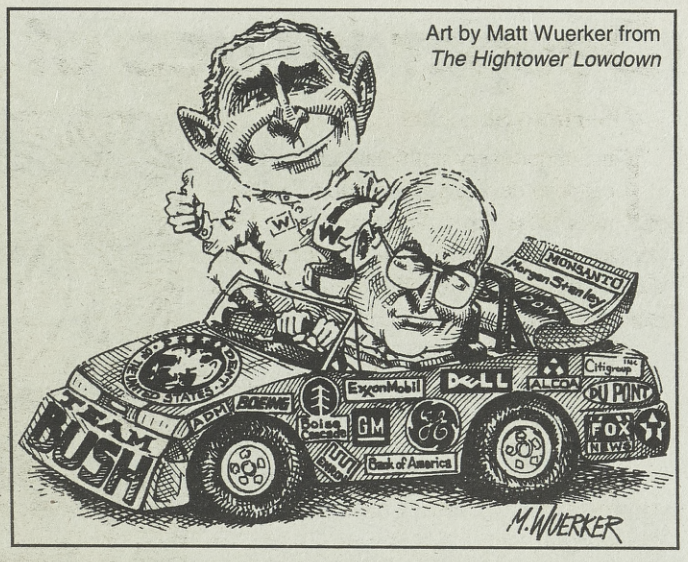
But the King of Corporate Excess so far is Gary Winnick, who led Global Crossing into bankruptcy, but escaped with $730 million in his own knapsack. Gary's now putting $30 million into restoring the grandiose, 23,000-square-foot California mansion he calls Casa Encantada — House of Enchantment.

There's nothing enchanting about such an ostentatious flaunting of ill-gotten gain. And they wonder why polls now rank CEOs below Mad Cow disease in public approval.

Jim Hightower is a speaker and author. To order his books or schedule him for a speech, visit www.jimhightower.com. To subscribe to his monthly newsletter, the *Hightower Lowdown*, call toll-free 1-866-271-4900.

Bush's Partners in Corporate Crime

by Jim Hightower



Art by Matt Wuerker from *The Hightower Lowdown*

Watching Bush and Company rush around pretending to be corporate crime fighters is a hoot! They ought to be selling tickets to this show. It stars the Prez himself, who threw a made-for-television hissy fit on Wall Street, scolding corporate CEOs for cooking their books, cheating investors, doing hidden stock sales, and generally being bad boys.

But wait, the punch line is that George had played a little insider hanky-panky of his own when he was a corporate director at Harken Energy Inc., making off with $850,000 on a hidden stock sale just before the price plummeted. Asked about such slapstick hypocrisy, Bush could only mumble that, in the corporate world, "sometimes things aren't exactly black and white." Ah, a burst of relativism from a moral absolutist. He's a scream!

It's hard to pose as a corporate scold when your administration is the most corporate in history. Take Dick Cheney. As CEO of Halliburton, he pocketed a fortune — yet now, Halliburton is under SEC investigation for accounting fraud that took place with Cheney at the helm.

Speaking of the SEC, Bush's hand-picked chairman for this Wall Street watchdog agency is Harvey Pitt, a Wall Street lawyer who spent the previous 23 years representing the very manipulators and finaglers he's now supposed to oversee. This is a "Who's on First" routine that would confuse Abbott & Costello.

But Bush has a snappy comeback to charges that his SEC watchdog is a shameless lapdog. He notes that he's appointed a new "Corporate Fraud Task Force," putting Larry Thompson of the attorney general's office in charge.

But here comes the pie in the face: Thompson's not a crime fighter, he's a crime defender, having been a lawyer representing executives charged with corporate fraud. He's also being sued on charges that he and other board members of a credit card company engaged in some of the same sort of fraud he's now supposed to be investigating. I can hardly wait for the movie. Bush and Company — what a bunch of kidders!

George W. Bush — Just Another Corporate Greedhead

This big shot walked away with a slick profit and a wink, while small investors and company employees took a bath.

by Jim Hightower

Here's another story of those at the top of the corporate pyramid getting insider information, then selling off their holdings of the company's stock just before the stock price crashes. As usual, this big shot walked away with a slick profit and a wink, while small investors and employees took a bath.

Such stories are commonplace in corporate America these days, but what makes this one so extraordinary is the name of the big shot. It's not Ken Lay, Bernie Ebbers, or even Martha Stewart. This slick operator is none other than the guy who has lately been so loudly scolding CEOs for being greedheads: George W. Bush!

In 1986, Bush was a twice-failed businessman, having gone bust in two oil ventures. But a group of New York investors bailed him out of his financial mess by buying his failed company and putting him on the board of their company, Harken Oil and Gas. They liked having the son of the then-vice president, Bush the Elder, on their board as star power. They gave Little George a batch of Harken stock and paid him $120,000 a year to be a board member.

Four years later, on June 22, 1990, Bush suddenly sold all of his Harken stock for $835,000 in personal profit. Only eight days later, the audit committee of Harken's board disclosed that the company had suffered huge losses, and the price of Harken's stock promptly plummeted.

When asked later if he had used insider information to enrich himself while common investors were unaware that they were about to get whacked, George W. said he "had no idea" that the audit report was going to be awash in red ink.

Bush's denial might have been more credible except for one thing: He sat on the board's audit committee. While Harken was small compared to Enron, WorldCom and the others, George W. Bush's personal, self-serving ethical failure was just as big as theirs.

SEC Top Dog Is Mere Lapdog

by Jim Hightower

Ol' Harvey Pitt is a real pit bull as top dog at the Securities and Exchange Commission. Not that he's keeping Wall Street bankers, brokers, and accountants in line, which is what a SEC chairman is supposed to do. No, he's been much more of a lapdog than a watchdog.

Indeed, for 23 years prior to being chosen by George W. Bush as SEC chair, Pitt was a Wall Street lawyer representing the very manipulators and corner-cutters he's now charged with overseeing. He's been quite upfront about his bias; at his Senate confirmation hearing last year, Pitt said that the SEC should ease up on the regulation of these poor, put-upon giants, and he later told an industry group that he was going to make the agency "a kinder and gentler place" for them.

Because he's been such a toy poodle for corporations that now are proving to be systemically corrupt, Harvey's been taking heat, including bipartisan demands that he resign. But he says he won't quit because he has the "full support" of Bush. Why would the president keep such a weak regulator when the White House is trying to look tough on corporate crime?

Because Harvey recently turned into Pitt the Ferocious Bulldog on another agency matter: keeping the media and We the People away from SEC File No. MHO-3180. This is the file that contains the records of the agency's 1991 investigation into George W's own squirrelly stock sale when he was on the board of Harken Energy Inc.

That's old hat, snaps Pitt, asserting that Bush's insider deal "was thoroughly investigated a decade ago. It was meticulously done." Hogwash. In fact, the investigation was so cursory that George W was never even interviewed.

Why? Perhaps because, at the time, George's daddy was president and the head of the SEC was one of Daddy Bush's personal pals. Also, the agency's lead attorney had been George W's personal lawyer. Small world, huh?

So Pitt is protecting the file — and Bush is protecting Pitt. And 'round and 'round we go.

The Prevailing Ethic of Greed

by Jim Hightower

Well, yes, the Powers That Be have finally admitted, Ken Lay of Enron is a rascal and a greedhead, but please understand that Enron is a rogue, a bad apple in an otherwise golden corporate barrel.

Then came a steady parade of top corporate honchos confessing that, well, yes, they also engaged in the same kind of price gouging, tax dodges, accounting shams, employee rip-offs, and other shady-to-illegal acts that have made Enron such an emblem of ethical disgrace.

Here came Adelphia, Arthur Andersen, Dynegy, Global Crossing, Halliburton, Merrill Lynch, Qwest, Reliant, Stanley Works, WorldCom, Xerox, and so many others that the "one bad apple" defense has had to give way to the realization that, holy moly, the whole barrel is rotten!

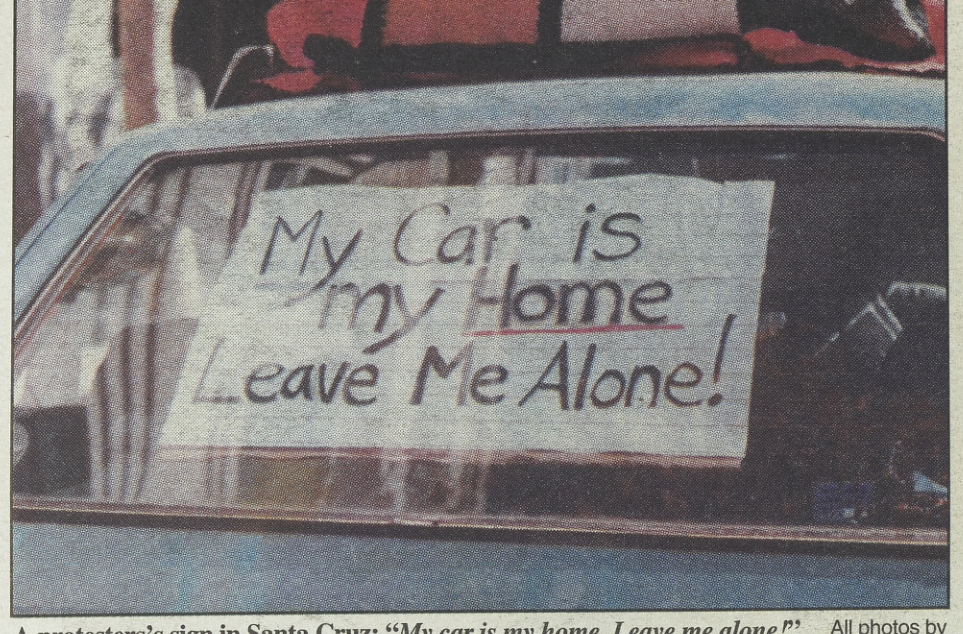
What's causing this stink is the underlying ethic of greed that has only recently come to define corporate success. Of course, greed has always been present in the corporate world, but in the past couple of decades, it has gone from being one factor in corporate performance to *the* factor.

Today, the bottom line is what matters to a CEO. Period. Employees, the community, the environment, the national interest, the common good, the "right thing to do," all are grouped as "externalities" — someone else's problem.

From personal compensation to celebrity ranking, CEOs are rewarded for their single-minded and ruthless devotion to an ever-escalating stock price. A culture in which that bottom line is everything naturally attracts the type A, whatever-it-takes, get-out-of-my-way, the-public-be-damned, ideologically narrow, self-aggrandizing Enroner to be in charge of these overbearing private empires.

Congress, the media, and investors need not profess surprise and outrage when it's revealed that these greedheads are cutting every ethical corner to advance their own interest, since that is exactly what today's system is asking of them. It's this system itself that must be changed so a CEO's performance is measured by more than the advancement of the corporation's avarice.

Fast-Track Repression Stalks Santa Cruz



A protesters's sign in Santa Cruz: "*My car is my home. Leave me alone!*" Due to high rents and full shelters, vehicles become de facto homes.

All photos by Alene Smith



A homeless woman at her meagerly furnished encampment in Santa Cruz.



A homeless man sleeps on the sidewalk outside a paint store in Santa Cruz.

by Becky Johnson & Robert Norse

In Olympia, Washington, a coalition of merchants and homeless people resoundingly defeated a camping ban, public trespassing laws and pedestrian interference laws directed against homeless people. They chose instead to raise awareness about alcohol abuse, create donation sites, increase police patrols against real crime, open private restrooms with private assistance, fund a hotline, and initiate a prisoner clean-up of the downtown.

In Portland, Oregon, civil rights attorneys, social service advocates, Dignity Village supporters, and *Street Roots* journalists and activists sent police and bureaucrats reeling back to the drawing board as they mobilized public opinion to defeat an Ashcroftian "Title 14 expansion" which would have established a new camping ban, a sit/lie law, and a ban on public urination (even though inadequate public bathrooms exist).

Even in the cockpit of repression — New York City, where Giuliani's long reign of martial law against the homeless was intensified by national war fever following the 9/11 attacks — Mayor Michael Bloomberg's crackdown on a mid-Manhattan church's "sleeping sanctuary on the steps" was curtly reversed by the 2nd Circuit Federal Court, even though the visible homeless offended the nearby Tiffany's customers and Trump Tower residents.

In Santa Barbara, California, former Public Defender Glen Mowrer's string of victories using the necessity defense to win protection for homeless vehicle dwellers [see "Defender of Homeless Wins Important Court Ruling," *Street Spirit*, February, 2002] prompted Mayor Marty Blum herself to join activist Nancy McCradie of Homes on Wheels in calling for RV camps in a town where affordable housing for many is a vehicle.

Things are darker in Santa Cruz, which made the "10 meanest cities" list of the National Law Center for Homelessness and Poverty last January, then swooped to a new low this summer with a sudden assault on homeless people downtown. In three short weeks, merchants, police, and conservative city staffers rammed through severe restrictions on homeless people in public spaces — extending forbidden zones and onerous restrictions even to street performers and political tablers.

The opponents of these repressive downtown ordinances outnumbered the proponents three to one. But it made no difference. Street musicians, activists, and lots of homeless people showed up at the two community outreach meetings Vice Mayor Emily Reilly and Councilmember Ed Porter held. But when the number one concern on Pacific Avenue, as expressed in sheer numbers on the butcher-block paper sheets in tabulated magic marker marks, was "Police misconduct or abuse" and the number two concern was "enforcement of petty ordinances," Reilly and Porter had had enough of outreach.

Downtown Santa Cruz is new and shiny, in full recovery from the 1989 quake, which destroyed dozens of businesses, and turned a thriving downtown into a ghostland. Only two "earthquake pits" remain on Pacific Avenue, filled with litter, weeds, and surrounded by cyclone fences.

The new buildings, boutiques, antique stores, Border's Books, the Gap, New Leaf Market, and a host of restaurants have attracted throngs of shoppers and visitors to attend movies, get a bite to eat, pick up some groceries or visit the many bookstores downtown. Up until the dot-com crash, cash registers were ringing.

But things have changed now. While the rents for merchants are still exorbitant, sales are not so strong now, and many who had a lot of money in the stock market are feeling financially insecure. And then there are the homeless people out there on Pacific Avenue on the sidewalk.

In late spring, police began a systematic campaign of harassment of campers, street musicians and "sidewalk sitters." HUFF (Homeless United for Friendship & Freedom) activist Robert Norse was taken away in handcuffs for "obstructing the sidewalk" as he led a campaign to stop "the forbidden fence" — a privatization of the downtown sidewalk benefiting New Leaf Market and other "New Age-turned-New Order" businesses.

Norman Friedberg, who dared to throw breadcrumbs on the sidewalk to feed the birds at a Food Not Bombs meal, was beaten and jailed on $50,000 bail when he resisted a "littering" ticket. Three other activists were jailed or cited for using erasable chalk on the sidewalk — traditionally protected activities no more [see accompanying article, "Chalking for Justice"]. Police ticketed *Street Spirit* newspaper vendor J. J. Ballard for selling his papers — a scant half year after Steve Argue won a three-year struggle for significant damages from the City in an incident when police assaulted and arrested him for selling *Street Spirit* [see "First Amendment Jailed in Santa Cruz," *Street Spirit*, December, 1998].

Flower lady and former Camp Paradise resident Randy Sue Winchell was repeatedly harassed with changing rules as she displayed flowers for donations downtown, finally being forced off Pacific Avenue, the main Santa Cruz thoroughfare, entirely.

This spring, a homeless man overdosed on heroin and died inside a portapotty on Cathcart Street. Several of the residents of El Centro saw the authorities taking out the man's corpse, and it was quite upsetting to them. The next day, the dead man's friend became enraged over what he claimed was bad drugs being sold to his friend and causing his death. He came at another man on Pacific Avenue with a knife, accusing him of selling the bad drugs to his friend. He cut him pretty badly, and the injured man was rushed to the hospital in an ambulance while the police arrested the man.

Shortly after this incident, a flurry of articles appeared in the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* about "the bad vibes downtown." Not much later, letters to the editor appeared with typical comments being, "I work hard for my money. I'm sick and tired of being asked for spare change every 20 feet on Pacific Ave." Or, "I'm afraid to go downtown anymore. I'm doing all my shopping at the Capitola Mall."

Next, editorials in the *Sentinel* called for a clean-up on Pacific Avenue. Enter Vice-Mayor Emily Reilly and Councilmember Ed Porter in late June. They immediately formed a committee to schedule community meetings with all the stakeholders to "find out what the problems are" and "to make recommendations to City Council."

With unprecedented and unseemly speed (two hearings in six days), Reilly and Porter came back to the City Council with sweeping new ordinance changes, written by staff members of City Attorney John Barisone's office in meetings with the police, the Redevelopment Agency, and Public Works.

At the meetings that actually drew up these laws, there was no community input, although some items echoed concerns from a petition circulated by six downtown merchants led by Jackson's Shoes merchant, Candi Jackson.

Rushing to beat the council's six-week summer recess and push through the new laws while university students were out of town, the Santa Cruz City Council repeated and intensified the Porter-Reilly rush job by holding four meetings in 15 whirlwind days. Through unusual afternoon and late evening sessions, the council circumvented the usual timeline, reduced the customary public debate time, and simply ignored all critics.

Not a word or a comma of the ordinances passed differed from the first draft of the laws. Most telling of all, none of the laws proposed actually addressed concerns about assault, vandalism, abusive language, and shoplifting, trumpeted but not clearly documented by the merchants. The current Sitting Ban and "no peaceful sparechanging after dark" laws prompted massive civil resistance in 1994 by outlawing sitting on the sidewalk within ten feet of a building on a 24-hour basis, on pain of a $162 ticket, and without warning.

But the new ordinances are much worse. They extend zones forbidding sitting, sparechanging, street performing, and political tabling to 14 feet from a building, a drinking fountain, a telephone, a crosswalk or intersection, a sidewalk cafe, a kiosk and even from a bench.

Under the soliciting ordinance, the City Council voted to restrict panhandlers who use signs or "silent solicitation indications" from doing so in a seated position. Beggars must now stand if they are going to hold a sign. They must not stand with a sign in groups of two or more. They must not stand with a sign in "stay-away" zones, or address people in "stay-away" zones citywide. And they may not stand with a sign, even if cold and hungry, after dark. It's just not good for business.

But in restricting where beggars may ask for spare change, the council also voted to restrict where musicians and street performers can work. In Santa Cruz, the only way the artists can get paid is by

See **Repressive Downtown Laws** *page 11*

Political Chalk Writing — A Crime Against the State

A Santa Cruz journalist is arrested for chalkwriting, "Sleep is not a crime!"

by Becky Johnson

I've run afoul of the law again in Santa Cruz. The first time, on June 28, I was taken into custody by Officer Bynes for chalking "Sleep is not a crime!" near a City Council outreach meeting on problems downtown. The second time, on July 21, SCPD Officer Phelps cited me for "defacing the sidewalk — chalk-writing" [MC 9.20.010] as I measured out 14 feet from the side of the building, the edge of a bench, the edge of a drinking fountain, from a crosswalk, and from the railing of a sidewalk café.

I was sketching out the proposed legal areas left for street musicians, entertainers who work for tips, beggars with or without a sign, those who want to sit down, and areas where political tables will be allowed to set up.

"How else can I demonstrate to the public just how small the areas left for these activities will be?" I asked Officer Phelps.

"You'll have to work it out in court," he told me.

"Is writing chalk on the sidewalk illegal?" I asked.

"I'm not allowed to have opinions," Officer Phelps replied.

"I've read the ordinance and it doesn't say anything about chalk writing," I informed the officer.

"You've been ticketed before, so you know it's against the law," he said.

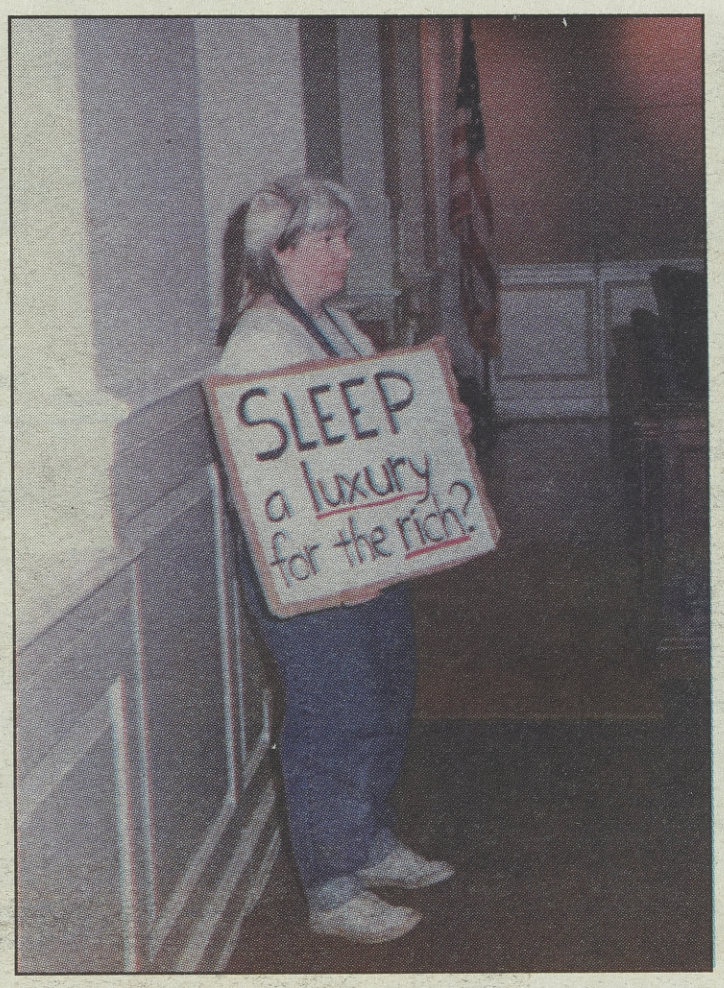
"And I pled not guilty, for I still believe it is a legal activity," I replied.

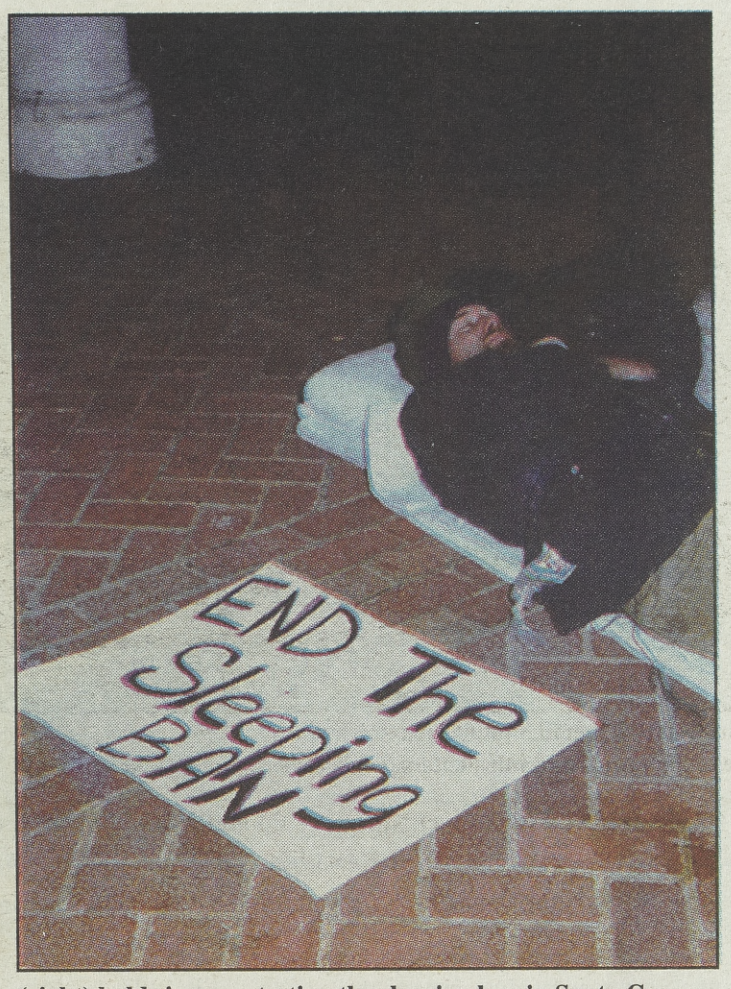
My co-defendant Tim Rinker and I are set to go on trial on September 13 in Commissioner Irwin Joseph's courtroom. Whatever happened to innocent until proven guilty?

"Lt. Patty Sapone said I can hand out fliers all day," I told Officer Phelps, "but how can I show people where the zones are going to be and how small they really are?"

Officials in Orlando, Florida, have put tiny yellow boxes where people are allowed to stand and ask for spare change. Of course, the boxes are not near any high-traffic areas or where they can even be seen much. This only adds to the alienation and criminalization homeless people suffer.

Local street musicians and artists couldn't believe that the traditional spots they work would be eliminated under the new ordinances. "I work for a living," protested Mr. Twister, the balloon-artist/comedian who twists balloons into animal shapes on Pacific Avenue for donations. I chalked a green line and wrote "14' from a Crosswalk" one foot in front of him, saying, "Sorry, this will be illegal 30 days after next Tuesday."





Journalist Becky Johnson (above left) and a homeless protester (right) hold signs protesting the sleeping ban in Santa Cruz. For years, activists have been arrested for protesting the sleeping ban, but now even writing a protest in chalk is outlawed.

Another clown took some drinking water from a plastic bottle and splashed it on the drawing. It vanished instantly into a faintly visible green haze.

Police Chief Belcher claimed it took $150 to hire a steam-cleaner to scrub the sidewalk after my first chalking arrest with co-defendant Tim Rinker on June 28. Yet any application of water, be it a garden hose, rain shower, or even a glass of water, was sufficient to remove the chalk writings. And if you do nothing, it wears away with foot traffic. Even the wind blows the chalk writing away. Chalk writing presents no health or safety hazard; it's merely a matter of aesthetics.

I asked Officer Phelps if he had ever written a ticket for chalk writing before. "No, not me personally," he said. "Defacing the sidewalk" [MC 9.20.010] has been on the books unmodified since 1964.

I have plenty of reason to believe that my chalking of the sidewalk is legal. The 9th Circuit Court in the McKinney decision, which ruled police do not have qualified immunity for arresting a chalker under Berkeley's ordinance, made it abundantly clear that sidewalk chalking is a perfectly legal activity. Among other interesting things, it states, "No reasonable person could think that writing with chalk would damage a sidewalk.''

Later I asked Downtown Host, Crystal, to look at something. I spilled four or five tablespoons of water onto a chalked drawing of a line. It dissolved into a faintly visible light green shadow with the tracing of the line still visible. I bent down and with my bare hand, rubbed the chalk away in about 10 seconds of labor. "Did you see that?" I asked.

"Good. So you cleaned up someone's vandalism of the sidewalk," Crystal replied, her body held stiffly and her tone hostile.

"So if I subpoenaed you to testify, you could come and testify that it took me ten seconds of time and about five tablespoons of water to remove that line?" I asked. "Your name is Crystal, right? Is that Crystal with a 'C' or with a 'K'?"

Later, I approached Officer Phelps, who had written the citation. "Do you want me to clean up the chalk writing?" I asked.

"It doesn't matter to me at all if you clean it up or not," he replied.

According to the *Santa Cruz Sentinel*, the District Attorney's office is investigating whether to charge me with misdemeanor vandalism.

THE PLEDGE, Constitutionally Viable

by TJ Johnston

I pledge allegiance...
To the taqueria
of my neighborhood
and its selection of veggie burritos

To Cafe International
for its open mics
and Sunday jams

To my comics store
who sees more to the world
than just Image, Dark Horse,
Marvel and DC

To the street papers
printing news that don't fit,
supporting, not just reporting,
and their vendors who give voice
to this land of milk and honey

To the artistic breeding grounds in
neighborhoods like the Mission,
South of Market and Tenderloin,
creating novel and challenging works,
rejuvenating our cultural ecosystem

To the music halls,
rocking the house,
getting the groove on,
electrifying the night

To sidewalk crooners and performers
and the buskers at the BART stations
providing musical antidotes
to office lite rock, less talk

To caregivers like Religious Witness,
Homes Not Jails, Food Not Bombs,
the cannabis clubs
and all who comfort the afflicted
while confronting the afflictors

To advocates, such as
the Tenants Union, RADCo
and Just Cause
resisting the gentry one house at a time

To the leather dads, club boys,
trannies, lezzies and all citizens
of the Rainbow Nation Diversified,
still striving for the liberation of us all

To the haven where beatniks of
all generations
and other refugees
seek asylum in pursuit of happiness
and yearn to breathe free.

Repressive Downtown Laws in Santa Cruz

from page 10

donations. Even an open guitar case will be considered soliciting. For good measure, "to protect older residents downtown," playing with hackeysacks, frisbees, and all sports involving balls were banned from commercial districts.

In mid-September, when these laws go into effect, homeless backpacks can be seized by police without even showing (as they previously had to) that the property constituted a public obstruction for an unreasonable or substantial period of time. "Hosts," i.e., underpaid, uniformed police auxiliaries, will be deputized to warn "criminal sitters." Saddest of all, the City Council claimed these laws were necessary, not to deal with a documented rise in crime or violence, or even a clear statistical business downturn, but simply to "restore civility."

Even Councilmembers Sugar and Krohn, who mostly voted against the laws, still supported the police crackdown. Worst of all, they said nothing in defense of the homeless community — the main target of the Reilly-Porter laws.

The local Green Party, the Community Action Board, the Santa Cruz Action Network (which helped get most of the council elected) and even the head of the Downtown Commission urged the City Council to delay discussion until September. Social service providers reportedly stayed away from the hearings, accurately regarding the outcome as "a done deal."

Final passage of the laws at midnight was followed eight hours later by yet another special, rushed, early-morning meeting of the Downtown Commission to specify implementation procedures. The timing of the Downtown Commission meeting followed the City Council's familiar practice of holding them at times when the public would be unable or unlikely to attend.

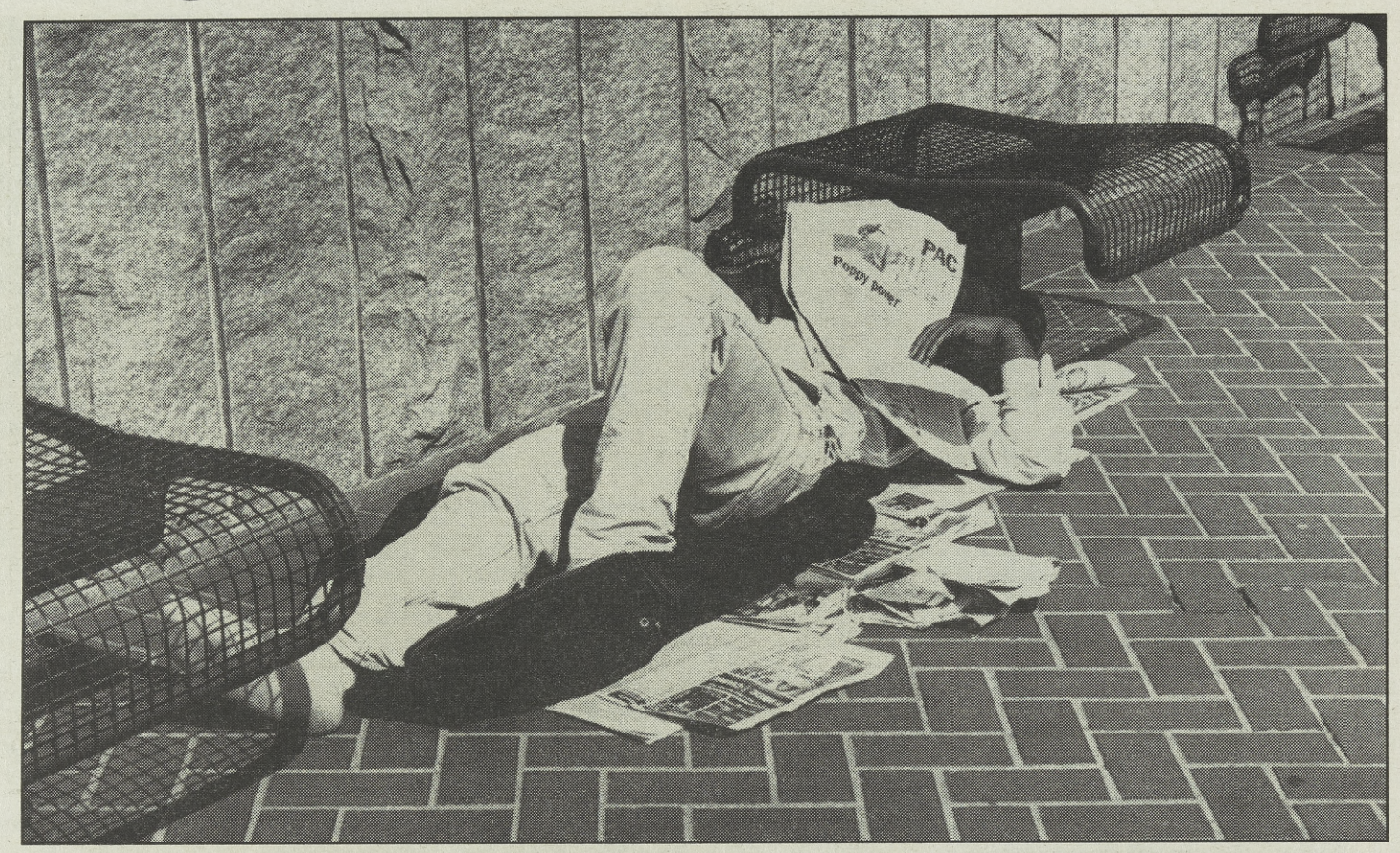
Stunned but still angry, street musicians, young people, and activist opponents packed the chambers side by side with merchants. Mike True, a street musician repeatedly cited or arrested for "displaying" his music, announced he'd secured a nationally successful civil rights attorney to press a class-action lawsuit against the City. "This is the day the music died!" True shouted as the council passed the laws after midnight on July 25.

Vowing to hold boycotts against the responsible merchants, along with mass protests, a special Downtown Decency Detail to ticket tourists, and a round of illegal street tournaments for panhandlers, hackeysackers, and hopscotchers, Downtown-For-All activist Molly Ms. Chief vowed, "No one is leaving. Santa Cruz's sidewalks belong to everyone."

Why the Housing Protest at Hastings Succeeded

Despite the corporate media's denunciation of the protest at Hastings Law School, a timely act of civil disobedience saved the day and opened up a new possibility for housing.

by Carol Harvey



An affordable housing shortage has pushed thousands into homelessness in San Francisco. Activists condemned Hastings Law School's plans for a massive parking garage that would reduce low-cost housing in the Tenderloin. Lydia Gans photo

In the face of the corporate media's condemnation of the protest at Hastings Law School on June 7, it is essential to now report the real story about why housing activists felt compelled to commit civil disobedience at the Hastings board meeting in a last-chance effort to preserve affordable housing and undo duplicitous backroom deals.

"Big" Jack Smith, a member of the Hastings Law School Board of Directors, apparently originated the plan to build a massive parking garage on a site where 85 low-cost units once housed impoverished Tenderloin tenants, many of them seniors.

Hastings' purpose appears to have been twofold: 1) The garage would bring revenue to the law school. 2) It would be better PR if Hastings pulled down a parking structure for future building projects than once again displacing people from their homes.

Hastings board members live in other parts of the state with no personal connection to San Francisco or the Tenderloin. One Tenderloin resident said, "These wealthy men view us as 'just the poor'."

Jack Smith is a former mayor of Hayward who, according to a statement circulated at the Hastings board meeting on June 7, 2002, by Tenderloin activists, got rich negotiating development projects.

Smith is a major campaign donor to State Sen. John Burton and has a close working relationship with Burton. Tenderloin housing activists later alleged that Smith told Burton about the garage project months before the public knew. They observed that Burton kept silent for those months, "denying his constituents the opportunity to mobilize against it."

When the public learned of the project in late November 2001, Burton said he was told that a "deal had been worked out with the community." But, according to a document outlining "The Burton-Smith Connection" made public at the Hastings board meeting on June 7, Burton "never contacted anyone in the community to verify this deal." The housing activists charged "that Burton knew his constituents had been left in the dark and simply lied to those who had long trusted him."

These activists wanted to save the site for low-cost rental housing for the impoverished residents of District 6 in the Tenderloin. In November 2001, when they heard of Hastings' plan to build an 885-car parking garage, they contacted State Sen. Burton, who finally "on April 10, 2002, wrote a letter to the Hastings Board urging them to support housing on the site." The activists waited for Burton to take action, but two months later, on Friday, June 7, when Hastings board members were to vote in session to build the garage, he still had done nothing.

A tenant activist coalition including Randy Shaw of The Tenderloin Housing Clinic, James Tracy of Right 2 A Roof, Ted Gullicksen of the S.F. Tenants Union, Sister Bernie Galvin of Religious Witness with Homeless People, Richard Marquez of the Mission Agenda Coalition, and others became alarmed. They felt that the press had not given the issue adequate coverage.

Feeling they must do something dramatic to catch Burton's and the community's attention, several well-known housing activists planned a civil disobedience action to galvanize public awareness and media coverage. Sister Bernie Galvin has for years organized many high-profile demonstrations in support of the human rights of homeless and poor people.

District 6 Supervisor Chris Daly asked Randy Shaw if it would help the cause if he participated. Shaw affirmed that it would help the cause and, after the action, said, "There was no grandstanding at all by Chris, but had he not participated, the media would have ignored the whole thing."

On Friday, June 7, Shaw stood alone before the Hastings board members and, putting himself and his Tenderloin Housing Clinic on the line, read a courageous statement demanding that Hastings Law School be accountable to the need for low-income housing in the Tenderloin. Simultaneously, a document entitled "The Smith-Burton Connection" was distributed among the attendees and protesters gathered there.

The document said in part, "Many have asked why State Senator John Burton has not forced Hastings to change its plans for a massive parking garage on a site that once had 85 low-cost housing units. When his Potrero Hill neighbors asked him to reduce the size of UCSF student housing units at Mission Bay, Burton made a phone call, and it was done. Why hasn't he made a similar call to Hastings to ensure housing is built on the site?"

The document further asserted, "On April 10, Burton wrote a letter to the Hastings Board urging them to support housing on the site. But when the Board ignored his letter, Burton took no action. Every political observer knows that a single call from Burton could kill the garage, but he has no intention of making such a call. Burton has put his relationship with Smith ahead of his obligations to his district.

"In 1986, then-Assemblyman Art Agnos led the successful fight to stop Hastings from building an office building on this same site. Agnos then forced Hastings to sell off four residential properties. In contrast, Burton has aligned with Hastings against those who elected him. Hastings has long known that Burton was all bluff. This explains why they have not negotiated in good faith with San Francisco."

Following Shaw's speech, protesters climbed over a little table in front of the board room and sat down on the floor, some holding hands, others bearing signs with such slogans as, "People, Not Cars." Police arrested Chris Daly, Randy Shaw, Sister Bernie Galvin, Richard Marquez, James Tracy, Matt Dodt, Paul Hogarth, Michelle Rose Roger, Meredith Ann Walters, Joseph Halaiko, Ted Gullicksen, and Thomas Simms. The District Attorney's office later dropped all charges.

Through there were 12 protesters, the police targeted Supervisor Daly, commanding him to leave the premises. Daly said, "I will not leave until Hastings rescinds its plans to build the parking garage." As Daly sat holding Sister Bernie's hand, an officer put his thumb in a pain-control hold with his arm bent up behind his back, forced him to his feet, and out into a hallway. Daly said repeatedly to the officer, "How can I cooperate? You are hurting me." Out of range of sight, the officer used the control hold to force Daly to the floor. The Tenderloin police captain, Stephen Tocchini, later informed Daly he would add "resisting arrest" to his charges.

Daly was publicly skewered in the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Examiner*, which judged it to be inappropriate for a supervisor to participate in civil disobedience. *Examiner* columnist P. J. Corkery wrote a hit piece on Daly alleging that Supervisor Tom Ammiano approached Mayor Willie Brown about throwing Daly off the board for "talking back to an officer." Ammiano denounced Corkery's allegations as nonsense, saying only the voters could remove a supervisor.

There were assertions later that John Burton had been "distracted," and was "quite surprised that Hastings had done this." But it was the act of civil disobedience at Hastings Law School that seemed to galvanize Burton into immediate action. On June 10, three days following the action, Sen. Burton wrote a strong letter to Eugene Freeland, Chairman of Hastings Board of Directors, saying,

"Two months ago, I sent a letter asking the Hastings Board of Directors to do the right thing for the community and for Hastings by rejecting the proposed parking garage in the Tenderloin. I asked the Board to give careful consideration to an alternative of mixed housing and parking, and several reasonable alternatives to a single use garage were presented. However, even though these alternatives were written up in your agenda, they never got real consideration. I am outraged by the Board's arrogant dismissal of good faith community efforts to reach a compromise.

"As a state institution, Hastings has the responsibility to be an integral part of its community. It is time for the Board to shoulder that responsibility in this matter.

"I am asking that you immediately call a special meeting of the Board to rescind the approval of the parking garage. Then you need to begin immediate and serious negotiations with the various affected constituents groups — led by an independent arbitrator — to reach resolution on a proposal that works for everyone. My assessment of the issue is that pretty much everybody is convinced a combined-use structure makes the most overall sense for the area. Not everything in the world should be measured strictly in terms of dollars and cents.

"Given the time I have to spend closing a $24 billion budget gap, I really don't want to have to spend valuable time policing Hastings actions in this area. I cannot overemphasize to you how important it is for Hastings to do the right thing this time."

A few weeks after receiving Burton's letter, the Hastings Board of Directors rescinded the vote to build the garage. Board member Blaine Petit's disgruntled observation was that the board had its arm twisted by activist "thuggery" on June 7.

Sister Bernie Galvin said of the Hastings action, "I believe civil disobedience is the most effective tool for social change. We engaged in this nonviolent civil disobedience very mindfully. The act of civil disobedience itself is a witness to an injustice, and any consequence of that act of civil disobedience, like being jailed, going to court, and so forth, is part of nonviolent civil disobedience. The purpose of engaging in a public way is to raise the consciousness of the community around an issue of injustice."

The three main elements which seemed to work together to accomplish the goal of the civil disobedience were the 45-minute window of time before the board's decision; Shaw's statement revealing the Smith-Burton connection; and the presence of high-profile activists such as Sister Bernie and Supervisor Daly, capturing the attention of the press. All these factors triggered a nearly immediate response from State Sen. Burton. Burton apparently called board members as early as Friday night, telling them to rescind.

The 12 activists did not hesitate in witnessing to what they saw as Hastings' injustice, motivating Burton to tell the board, "Not everything in the world should be measured strictly in terms of dollars and cents," and forcing the board members to "do the right thing," even against their will.

Chris Daly Interview

from page one

matically from above. Sharp light threw his boyish features and close-cropped black hair into relief like the alabaster bust of a Roman Senator.

A satirical depiction of royal Ego, this photo was not true to the warm, unpretentious person I first met relaxing over a beer at the Tenderloin's Temple Bar with his aide, Rick Galbreath, and coalition activists this spring after the Homeless Summit he organized.

The headline read, "Welcome to Daly City." "Odd," I thought. Chris represents District 6, the Tenderloin and downtown San Francisco, not Daly City by the ocean. The headline and photo were not the only distortions.

I knew Daly, by reputation, as a human rights activist. I was disappointed by the *Examiner's* presentation of biographical data obscuring the real person. Instead of fleshing him out into a rounded personality, the article reduced him to a series of stereotypes, suggesting he was a frat boy, a hothead, and underneath his ingenuous facade, a political opportunist.

I was to find out later that my association of this photo with the bust of a Caesar confronting traitorous assassins with, "Et Tu, Brute," was not far off the mark. The character assassins, however, were not turncoat friends, but powerful enemies: the combined might of downtown corporations, the Brown Machine, and the political columnists churning out disinformation in the *Chronicle* and *Examiner*.

I called Daly proposing an interview, telling him I'd like to redress the unfair and unbalanced picture the mainstream media was presenting.

"I just want a fair hearing," he said. Without hesitation, he invited me to his home. "I live in a triangulated section in District 6 between Market and Valencia in the Lower Haight/Upper Mission."

Interview day was brilliant blue, too hot to walk. I grabbed a cab. Not above a little ego-tripping when nervous, I took a rash risk on the cabbie's politics, bragging that I was going to interview Supervisor Daly. He said, "Oh! The crazy one." "*Merde!*" I thought and told myself to shut up.

Chris Daly descended graciously to my buzz in an alleyway off the main street. He led me upstairs to a very small, three-bedroom apartment, modest for a supervisor. Though it was larger than most cramped San Francisco apartments, I have seen roomier spaces in Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Boston, and London.

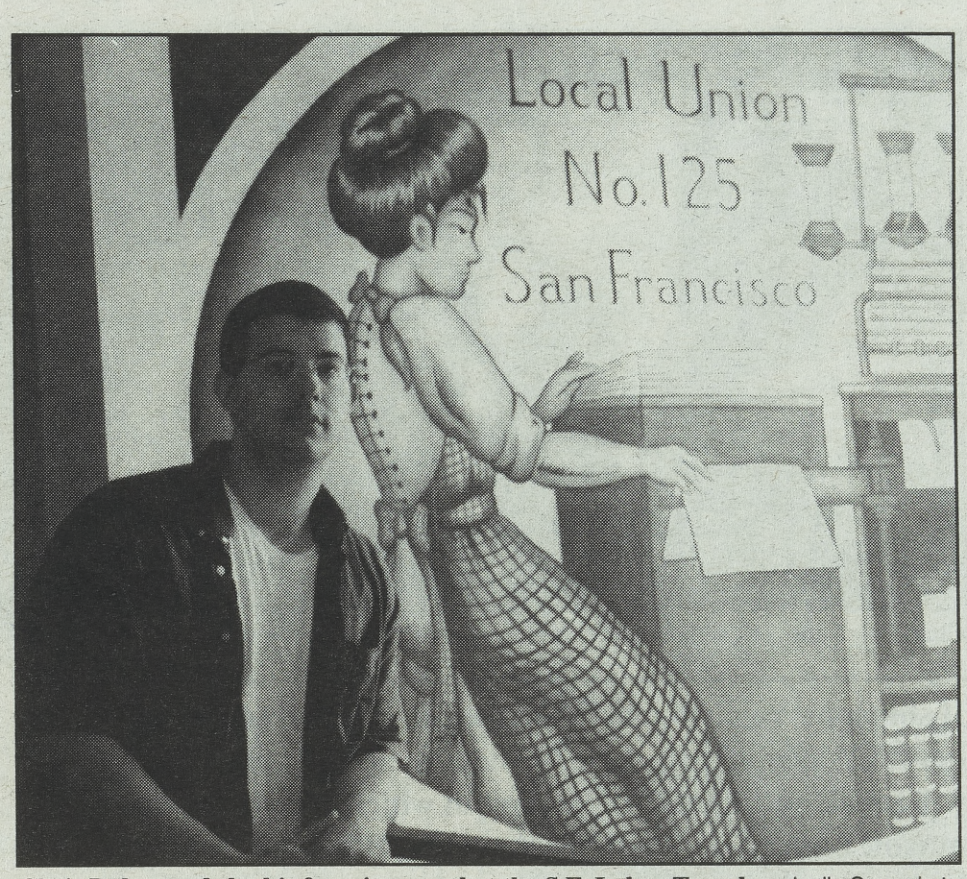
The afternoon sun beamed mellow through the large window. A soft sofa embraced the living room on two sides facing an entertainment area. We sat at a wooden table next to the kitchenette.

During the interview, his fiancée Sarah Low entered. Low, who is in the Masters of Recreation and Nonprofit Administration at San Francisco State, told me, "You are more than welcome to stay for dinner. It is going to be fajitas. We are having Chris' interns and staff over tonight."

Daly showed me a photo of his grandparents and parents. "Both my parents got government jobs, my dad in the Department of Energy, my Mom for the General Accounting Office in Washington, D.C.," he told me. "Civil service jobs made a pretty decent lifestyle. I disclosed publicly I had family help to purchase this condo. I have very supportive parents — monetarily supportive over the last 10-15 years."

Daly has received extensive coverage and criticism from the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Examiner* for speaking out on human rights issues, taking part in nonviolent political protests, and especially for his dedicated advocacy for just treatment of poor and homeless people.

When I first interviewed Daly weeks before the Hastings action, he described his success as a university student in motivating Duke University to provide millions for affordable housing after they had displaced impoverished tenants through parking garage construction. At that point, neither of us imagined this phenomenon would resurrect itself in San Francisco 12 years later with the remarkably similar initiative to challenge Hastings Law School's refusal to add affordable housing to their parking garage.



Chris Daly stands by his favorite mural at the S.F. Labor Temple. Lydia Gans photo

The poverty issues are real. They are now. They are oftentimes life and death. I take the urgency with me to work. There's this thought of engaging people and organizing. There is this value of having the people most affected by things like poverty at the table and empowering their voice.

Given the recent media attacks Daly endured for what many people believe was an act of conscience — a nonviolent sit-in to protest Hastings Law School's neglect of affordable housing needs in the Tenderloin — it seemed fitting to begin our interview with a discussion of his work in organizing similar protests at Duke University in his college days.

Carol Harvey: *How did your organizing and community service at Duke University lay a foundation for your present-day concern with affordable housing and gentrification in San Francisco?*

Chris Daly: Duke University is the second largest private corporate employer in the state of North Carolina, after Glaxo-Welcome. I spent my last year at school working to get Duke to recommit endowment monies as loans for affordable housing sites in Durham. In 1988, Duke evicted 41 families from a low-cost housing complex to extend a garage at their hospital. The students back then organized for the university to make $1.2 million available for low-income housing slots in Durham. When I got there, this loan issue came up.

We sent campus-wide mailers. Basketball is big at Duke. There was this T-shirt ad that said, "They can Talk the game, but can they play the game?" The sound bite was a reference to the University of Nevada-Las Vegas who beat Duke in the 1990 championship. Then Duke beat UNLV in the 1991 semi-finals. UNLV was a good team, and they bragged about it a lot. Duke's reputation was more team-oriented, quiet off the court, etc. Duke was saying, 'You could talk a lot of trash, but do you back it up on the basketball court.'

So, I put all these quotes from Duke administrators all over the university: "They can talk the game, but can they play the game?" In the end, we got them to loan two million dollars to affordable housing developers in Durham.

Q: *So you had a long-standing commitment to affordable housing before you ever got involved in electoral politics?*

A: I was fundraising coordinator for my Habitat for Humanity chapter. While I was there we built two houses. You can't say enough good things about Habitat and the incredible 100 percent impact they have on the families that they serve. But, they built two houses — not enough. Habitat should keep plugging away making houses, but maybe there should be some accountability in the institutions.

In 1991, I studied theories of community organizing like Saul Alinsky's, the organizer from Chicago who wrote *Rules For Radicals*. You go to folks on an issue, do education, have meetings, get a core group together, identify a campaign like a goal or demand, identify your allies, your opponents, the decision-makers, how you use the media, etc., to get to your goal. I was taught this by Empty the Shelters in 1991 in Philadelphia. Whole worlds opened up to me.

Simultaneously, in North Philadelphia, I was introduced to extreme, dense poverty like we don't have here. It goes on forever. You walk all day in North Philadelphia in a poor, bombed-out block, like the South Side of Chicago, or South Bronx. Through an eight-week summer program for Empty the Shelters, I worked in a tent city organizing poor people.

(Cell phone rings.) That was Richard Marquez, my former roommate, co-founder of Mission Agenda, the one most responsible for suckering me into this.

Q: *Becoming a supervisor?*

A: Yes.

Q: *You met him in San Francisco?*

A: Yes. He had been organizing around Latino homelessness issues. He is the "unofficial head of the unofficial something, whatever." He is a close ally of mine. And former roommate. We were evicted together.

Q: *That would bond two people together.*

A: Yeah. We've been arrested together, but we were EVICTED together! That's saying something.

Q: *Where from?*

A: For five years I lived in an apartment on Linda Street (near 18th) in the north Mission. Owner move-in, 1997. I was one of hundreds. Then I lived for a while with my buddy Shane in a fixer-upper under construction on Bernal Heights. Then I moved with Sarah to her apartment in Park Merced. Then I moved back into the Tenderloin.

Q: *You said you were in a small Tenderloin studio for two years.*

A: I had campaign literature all over the place and ladders in my apartment. I slept on my futon and never cooked. I would sleep 6-7 hours, and that was generally the time I would spend at my apartment. Two years ago, until late last year, I lived in a small studio in the Tenderloin.

When we were able to get this place, it has been a priority for Sarah and I to have it open, have people over as much as possible, and make this a very social community, an open, fun place to be. We had a big housewarming holiday party with 100 people here.

Q: *This Examiner reporter is making some sly suggestions about you...*

A: There's a calculated political attack against me right now carried out on the pages of the *Examiner*, saying, "I'm not effective." "Who am I, really? Am I poor? Am I rich?" Making it about me when really it's not about me.

Q: *What is it about?*

A: It's about what I want to see done.

Q: *They are using a clever tactic Saul Alinsky calls 'Personalizing it.'*

A: Yup! It's really about politics. It's about social justice.

Q: *What do they want to bring down?*

A: There's two levels: general downtown interests versus neighborhood interests that got played out in committee today around the business tax settlement. Eight supervisors, not including Supervisor Sandoval, Gonzalez or myself, voted to give back 80 million dollars to some of the world's largest corporations on this lawsuit they filed saying that our business tax laws were unconstitutional because we have something called a payroll tax and a gross receipts tax.

A payroll tax would tax the payroll a company pays out, somewhere to the tune of 1.5 percent. The gross receipts tax was a 0.3 percent tax on all the gross receipts the business brings in. Whichever one was higher, that's what the City would assess. These clever corporate attorneys found this legal argument that because they are charging different rates to different businesses, it was unconstitutional. They won a case in L.A., so San Francisco Giants, Bechtel — 100-some corporations sued us — Macy's, I think, Schwab.

Supervisor Gonzalez, Sandoval, and I led the charge to say, "We shouldn't settle with them. We should make them take us to court, fight them every step of the way." The other "calmer, more level-headed" Supervisors prevailed, saying, "We should just settle and deal with it later." We're dealing with it now with the big shortfall in our budget. We are cutting services in the Health Department and basic community services.

There was a hearing today in committee talking about putting this revamped business tax on the ballot. You can't raise taxes in California without voter approval. So we were discussing what are our possibilities for taxes. All the good people, like the People's Budget people, and neighborhood folks are like, "We need to do this, so we can get our money back to save our services." The downtown people got up, like the guy from the Committee on Jobs, and were like, "Times are hard. We don't want companies to move out of San Francisco.

See **Chris Daly Interview** *page 14*

Chris Daly Interview

from page 13

We should cut things in the budget."

I laid into Nathan Nayman, who represents the 'Don Fishers' (billionaires) at City Hall. He's a lobbyist running an organization called the Committee on Jobs which is funded by downtown big businesses to lobby for their interests at City Hall. I said, "Look. You've been part and parcel of the Brown Machine. You've funded him. You've backed him. He's the one who's bloated the City government with all his Special Assistants, and you backed him every step of the way. You organized a business tax lawsuit against us costing us $27 million a year over the next ten years, and then $20 million in perpetuity a year."

Q: *He's a mouthpiece.*

A: Yeah. I called him something worse than that today.

Q: *What?*

A: I think I called him "Downtown's henchman" (grinning). It's about big, macroeconomic politics: Is Downtown paying their fair share? Are the neighborhoods getting screwed? Are we going to have public power? Is PG&E going to dominate? Is it corporate politics, or are regular people going to have a chance?

I am 100 percent there on all those issues. But, for me it's also about some other points like, "Are poor people going to be at the table when we are talking about this?' Are there going to be a lot of people in City Hall protesting?"

Q: *You've been out protesting in front of City Hall yourself. You're one of the few community organizers to be elected.*

A: Early in our tenure as supervisors, Matt (Gonzalez) came to me and said, "You know what the difference between you and I is?" I'm like, "What?" He goes, "I'm a lawyer, and you're an organizer."

Q: *He said that?*

A: Yep. Matt pointed that out. I very rarely come up with any of this stuff on my own. (Laughing) This additional dynamic makes me different from Matt Gonzalez. Matt and I vote the same way on most stuff, but we have different takes on how it's going to happen. I'm engaging different people. Matt engages artists and intellectuals, and young leftie types. He represents the Haight. He's a lawyer and a public defender. I'm an activist and an organizer who represents the Tenderloin and South of Market and the Mission.

There's a different politic. There's a greater sense of urgency in my constituency. The poverty issues are real. They are now. They are oftentimes life and death. I take the urgency with me to work. There's this thought of engaging people and organizing. There is this value of having the people most affected by things like poverty at the table and empowering their voice.

Q: *You define yourself as an organizer.*

A: An organizer by trade.

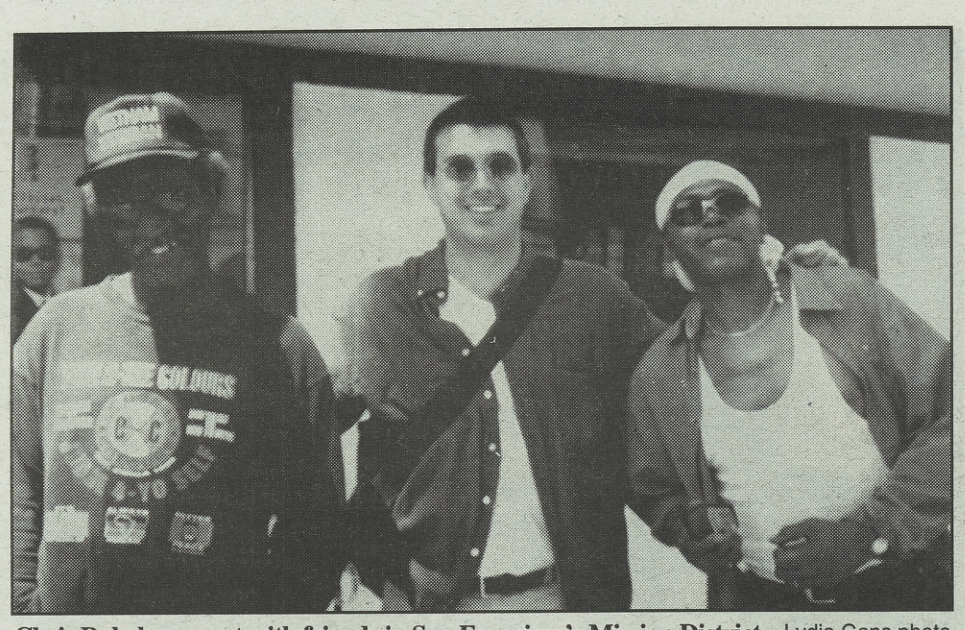
Q: *Are there very few organizers in the country in political office?*

A: You see labor organizers. Very rarely will you see a poor peoples' organizer. The reality is that since 1990-1991 this has been my calling. This is what I've dedicated most of my waking hours to, and I think that the facts back that up. I want to work to end poverty and homelessness, struggling for social and economic justice through the tactic of empowering people who were most affected by those conditions.

Q: *They say, "Chris Daly is a firebrand. A politician who talks back to Willie Brown."*

A: I'm not much of a politician.

Q: *You really mean that?*



Chris Daly hangs out with friends in San Francisco's Mission District. Lydia Gans photo

If someone, regardless of who they are, is disrespecting homeless people and their advocates, and it's malicious, I will speak out. That's the context in which I (confronted) the mayor. I asked him to respect people. When he continued badgering the homeless people and advocates, specifically Jenny Friedenbach, then I told him he was full of shit.

A: If there's a bigger stake on the line, I'll hold my tongue if it's for the greater good, and I've checked in with the folks I represent about it. I can be savvy at times. But generally, I try to represent the voice not represented at City Hall, and that's what I do. If someone, regardless of who they are, is disrespecting homeless people and their advocates, and it's malicious, I will speak out. That's the context in which I (confronted) the mayor. I asked him to respect people. When he continued for several minutes badgering the homeless people and advocates, specifically Jenny Friedenbach, then I told him he was full of shit.

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Given the controversy and significance of the civil disobedience at Hastings, I interviewed Daly again one month after the uproar from the action had settled.

Randy Shaw of the Tenderloin Housing Clinic told me: "It's important people know that Chris didn't inject himself into our campaign. He asked us would it help the cause if he participated. You don't see very many elected officials doing that. I said, 'Chris, I did not want to ask you to do anything, because you've already been there for us.' Chris said, 'I want to do what is best for the community. Just tell me if it would help.' There was no grandstanding at all by Chris, but had he not participated, the media would have ignored the whole thing."

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Carol Harvey: *Chris, Randy Shaw told me that not many elected officials would take a stand like you did at Hastings. How did you decide to get involved in the Hastings action?*

Chris Daly: Richard Marquez, who also got arrested, asked me if I was interested. I said, "If folks think it will be helpful and won't be a distraction, I will help out." This is a serious issue. But, having been through this the last year and a half, I was worried that what happened might happen — it becoming about me. But the folks planning the civil disobedience told me they thought it would be a good thing for me to be involved. So I participated.

Q: *How did you experience it?*

A: The civil disobedience started at the end of Randy Shaw's speech (regarding the Smith-Burton connection). That was planned. James Tracy pulled out a bullhorn and started chanting. Then James and one of the guys climbed a little table to get into the middle of the meeting area. Then Richard went over. Then Sister Bernie and I went over. Then Randy and the others. I sat down. Folks were chanting, but I wasn't. I had a little 8-1/2-by-11 sign. It might have said, "Housing for People, Not Cars." I was holding hands with Sister Bernie.

Q: *Were you aware in advance what Randy Shaw was going to read out loud?*

A: Not exactly. They passed out a flier, and Randy talked about it.

Q: *Did you know about this Smith-Burton connection?*

A: I heard some talk about it, that Smith and Burton were buddies, and folks have known for some time that the garage was Smith's baby, that he was one of the driving forces behind it.

Q: *Were you aware that their relationship was interfering with John Burton's getting back to Randy and others who asked Burton to stop Hastings' plan?*

A: I heard folks talk about that. I don't know if it's true or not.

Q: *What was the arrest process like?*

A: I was the third or fourth person arrested. Officer Riordan approached me and said, "If you don't leave now, I'm going to have to arrest you."

Q: *You were sitting on the floor holding Sister Bernie's hand?*

A: I was. Sometimes when folks are making it difficult to get arrested, they will hold hands or lock arms. I didn't want it to be like that. When he came up and started talking to me, I released Bernie's hand. He asked if I was going to leave. I said, "I'm not going to leave until Hastings agrees to build affordable housing instead of the parking garage on the site."

He grabbed my right hand and started to pull it up, and didn't tell me to get up.

Q: *As if to forcibly pull you off the floor?*

A: He pulled my right hand behind my back and started to pull my hand up, and was forcing me up with that movement. After that, I started to get up. Then he had my right thumb pulled back behind my hand with my arm pulled behind my back. At that point, I was standing up.

I said, "Why are you doing that? You're hurting me. How can I comply? How can I cooperate?" I asked. "Tell me what you want me to do?" He continued to have me in that pain hold with my right thumb pulled back — not straight back, but back and a little behind my hand with my arm behind my back. Randy Shaw had already yelled out, "Why are they hurting our Supervisor?"

I asked him for his name and badge number. He told me his badge number, not his name, and said he was out of Tenderloin Station. I said, "I know Captain Tocchini. If you don't stop hurting me I'm going to tell him about this."

He said, "You can call whoever you want. I've got the union."

I said, which, in retrospect, I probably shouldn't have, "Well, I know the union. I vote on your contract."

He started telling people, "He just threatened my job!"

I said, "No, I didn't." I don't have the power to hire or fire. I guess I could vote 'No' on the Police Officers Association contract, but, I didn't. I voted 'Yes.' I never said I didn't talk back to him. I said I never threatened Riordan's job, but certainly I was talking with him.

He asked me if I was going to leave. I said I would leave as soon as Hastings agreed to build housing on the site. Officer Riordan handed me over to another officer. They got myself, James Tracy, Richard Marquez in the back. There was a fourth person arrested, (and) about four or five officers. I had been handcuffed. I still was in the pain hold with my thumb, and the cuffs were very, very tight. The officer — not Riordan but another officer — took me down onto the floor.

Q: *Where were you being held then?*

A: In the back hallway. No one but James Tracy and Rich Marquez saw them. Some officer saw it. That's when they were trying to stick me with this resisting arrest charge, which they never filed. They kept threatening they were going to file it, because they said in the police report I went down on purpose to delay them getting me out of the building. In fact, I had fallen because they had my hands cuffed behind my back. They lifted up my arms by my wrists. You lift up far enough, and you've got no choice but to go down, or break your arm, one of the two.

They did it to teach me a lesson. I had been saying, "That hurts! Why are you hurting me?" relatively loudly in the main room. To teach me a lesson, they dropped me in the back in the hall.

That day I called Steve Tocchini, captain of Tenderloin Station. He called me back saying he would add that charge to my sheet, "Resisting arrest," based on that police report."

Q: *What was the outcome?*

A: I don't know. They never added the charge to my sheet.

Q: *That was just a threat.*

A: Correct.

Q: *Sister Bernie Galvin and Randy Shaw clarified for me that three key factors caused the Hastings board to rescind the decision to build the garage: One was the 45-minute time window you had for the civil disobedience. Second was Shaw's statement about the Burton-Smith connection. Third was your presence there.*

A: Yes. Burton's phone call probably didn't hurt. I certainly know Burton has an affinity for me for some reason. He endorsed me for the runoff. I talk to him every few weeks. He's one of my representatives in Sacramento. We agree on a lot of issues.

Q: *Having to do with poor people?*

A: Yes. Generally, John Burton is pro-tenant, pro-rights of poor folks. Burton is very much identified with labor. We've never talked about the Hastings garage before a couple of weeks ago when I thanked him for his call. John Burton's phone call was critical. Part of the reason he called may be that I got arrested. You'd have to call him and ask. It's possible.

Q: *Do you think the negative publicity and the pillorying that you got in the press helped or hurt?*

A: Hopefully it helped the cause. It had the potential to hurt, but it's about results. I took some hits for it. It might have hurt my political capital, but in terms of the issue, in the end I think it was a big win.

"I believe that civil disobedience is the most effective tool for social change."

An Interview with Sister Bernie Galvin



Sister Bernie Galvin (left) leads a housing protest.

by Carol Harvey

San Francisco Supervisor Chris Daly has shown remarkable courage in the way he has committed himself to social justice and poor people. Daly has persevered in standing up against the powerful Burton Machine, the near-daily thrashings in the *Chronicle* and *Examiner*, and the powerful, big-money interests in downtown San Francisco, such as Bechtel, which represent global corporate forces.

These forces employ their monopolistic press to pound him relentlessly with negative stereotypes, portraying him as too radical, power hungry, a rich boy. Their false images greatly mislead the public.

I interviewed Sister Bernie Galvin about the controversy around Daly's commitment to homeless issues and affordable housing. As director of Religious Witness with Homeless People since 1993, Sister Bernie has mobilized hundreds of priests, ministers, rabbis, nuns and congregation members in nonviolent protests in solidarity with homeless people.

In our interviews, Sister Bernie Galvin endorsed my observation that negative press images of Daly camouflage his deep personal, emotional and intellectual reserves and an underestimated toughness.

Carol Harvey: *Prior to the sit-in on June 7 at Hastings, had you been involved in many acts of civil disobedience?*

Bernie Galvin: Probably 25 or 35 times. In 1995, Religious Witness started a three-year campaign against the federal government tearing housing down in the Presidio. Religious Witness organized a huge coalition of support, 500 people. We had six or seven demonstrations at the Presidio. We trespassed in vacant houses. Chris Daly joined us. James Tracy and Ted Gullicksen got arrested with us. We who were arrested the other day (at Hastings), that's where we first started being arrested together.

CH: *At the Hastings protest, the police put Chris in a thumb lock.*

BG: Yes. I saw they were doing that to Chris.

CH: *Have you ever experienced that kind of thing?*

BG: No, and I don't think anybody else did either that day, just Chris.

CH: *What do you think of that level of torture?*

BG: That's uncalled for. It sometimes happens, and is uncalled for. Why it happened, I don't know. I did not see Chris resisting arrest like the police said.

People who engage in civil disobedience do it very thoughtfully. We know what we are doing and why we are doing it. I believe civil disobedience is the most effective tool for social change. We engage in this nonviolent civil disobedience very mindfully.

The act of civil disobedience itself is a witness to an injustice, and any consequence of that act of civil disobedience, like being jailed, like having to take time to go to court and so forth, that also is part of nonviolent civil disobedience. The whole purpose of engaging in a public way is to raise the consciousness of the community around an issue of injustice.

CH: *Did you see Chris talking back to the police?*

BG: I didn't see Chris talk back to the police. He was sitting right next to me. When he said, "You're under arrest." Chris said, "I want to know what the charges are." So they said, "You are under arrest, get up." Chris was getting up, but at the same time, they were pulling on him. They took him three or four feet from me, so I could see and hear. Chris kept saying, "I want to cooperate. I want to cooperate." But, they did have his thumb in that hold. It was very painful. He kept saying, "You're hurting me. You're hurting me."

CH: *Why didn't they do the same thing to you?*

BG: I don't know why they didn't do the same to me, or any of the others. Only Chris, out of 11 people.

Chris has been a housing activist for many years. That's why he joined us at the Presidio and got arrested there. There were probably 200 of us arrested on those six occasions. Chris is very passionate about the injustice of the lack of availability of affordable housing for poor people. When he engages in civil disobedience, he is coming out of that deep concern about this social injustice.

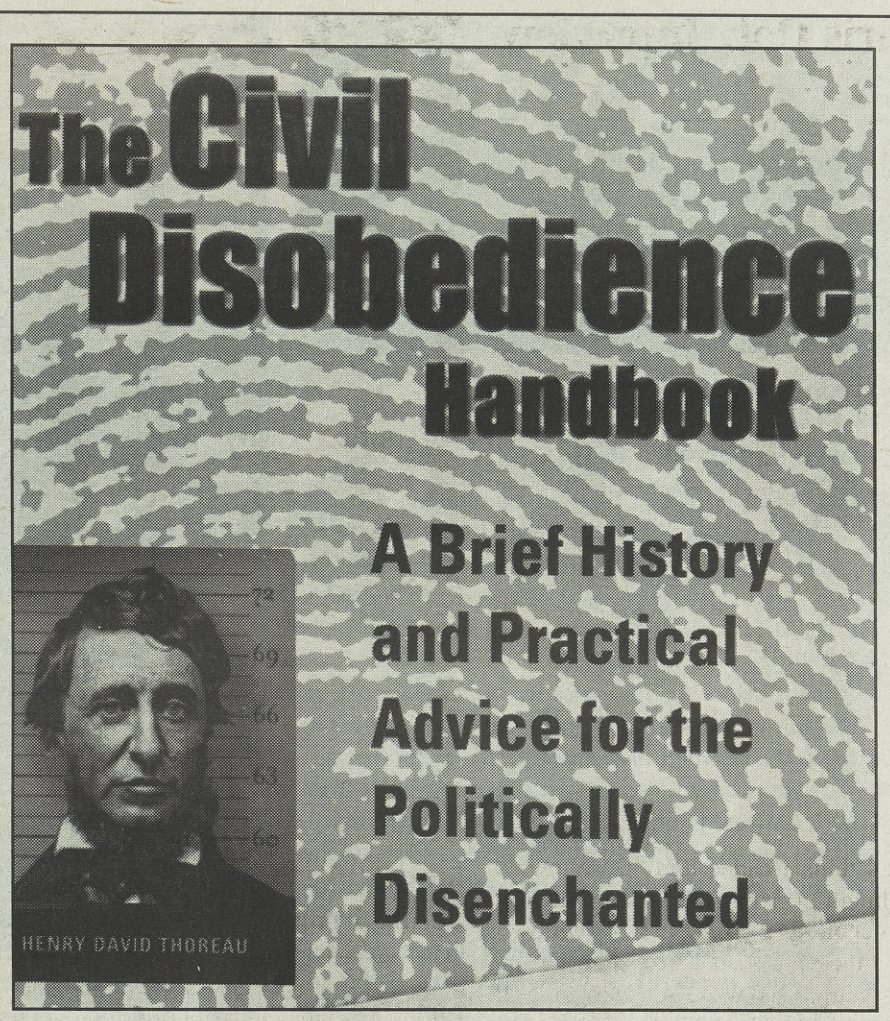
A lot of us may have grown up in an environment where we never encountered injustice, or where we have never seen the effects of lack of housing for poor people. As you go from place to place, and you witness this, you become politicized — that people in our society live on the streets because there is no affordable housing, or people live in dumps or in atrocious conditions in SROs. You may see it for the first time, and it makes an impression on you. If you have a good heart, you want to do something about that. Many people move into that direction. We have a lot of wealthy young people who grow up and see these things for the first time and move in that direction.

CH: *Does he give evidence of being effective as a supervisor, in your view?*

BG: He kept his pledge to deliver two million dollars in services for seniors. Working with the Ryan White Care Counsel and Democratic Whip, Nancy Pelosi, he completely restored the funding for the AIDS programs for this fiscal year cut by President Bush. He got in that job, took it on as a challenge, learned a lot and he has grown in that position.

CH: *Any particular skills you observed him developing?*

BG: Despite unjust criticism and the constant onslaught, he continues to stand tall and work. You have to respect the man. Instead of getting down, he kept on plugging.



The Civil Disobedience Handbook

A Brief History and Practical Advice for the Politically Disenchanted

James Tracy, Editor
Manic D Press, 2002

Review by Terry Messman

San Francisco housing activist James Tracy has edited a timely and useful book that traces the *stirring history of civil disobedience in* social change movements and provides a wealth of practical information for the aspiring Rebel With A Cause.

Tracy compiled this book out of his own experience as an activist in the anti-eviction and homeless movements. Tracy has mobilized low-income tenants against the demolition of public housing, has been arrested for taking over vacant housing with Religious Witness with Homeless People and Homes Not Jails, and was recently arrested with housing activists at Hastings Law School.

Many Americans are unaware of how many creative and inspiring acts of civil disobedience are occurring across the nation at present. A widespread public misconception holds that protest movements have largely dried up and faded away into irrelevance. Yet activists in scores of city across the nation are, at this very moment, taking part in transformative acts of nonviolent resistance and exuberant rebellion that would make Henry David Thoreau and Harriet Tubman proud.

Why is the public disconnected from these abundant examples of civil disobedience and largely unaware of the continuing vitality of nonviolent movements for social change? In large part, because the national press outlets, which often reported extensively on acts of rebellious protest in the 1960s and 1970s, have increasingly withdrawn their coverage from radical movements in a transparent effort to muffle the sounds of protest. Since we live in an era when the mainstream media is controlled by global corporations that want to silence, ignore or distort the voices of dissent, Tracy's book is all the more important.

In brief, concise chapters, he outlines the absolutely central and indispensable role that civil disobedience played in such historically significant campaigns as the labor movement, the suffragette movement, the civil-rights movement, the anti-Vietnam War movement, ACT-UP, and the new movement for economic justice that have given rise to housing takeovers by homeless activists across the nation.

Despite the media-induced prejudice that civil disobedience is the reckless expression of the radical fringe, our nation's history has been shaped and changed for the better countless *times by the incredibly powerful moral* and political force of nonviolent resistance. Civil disobedience and fasting were directly responsible for winning the right to vote for women. Sit-down strikes were crucial elements in labor unions' struggles to win the 40-hour work week. Acts of civil disobedience were absolutely crucial in two of the most important nonviolent rebellions of modern times, both led by people of color — the civil rights movement and the farmworkers movement.

Martin Luther King, Jr. was greatly inspired by Henry David Thoreau. Tracy's book includes Thoreau's essay, "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience." This eloquent exhortation is still must reading for today's activists.

A crucial error that middle-class activists often make is to water down the power of nonviolent resistance by equating it with overly genteel notions of decorum, in the erroneous assumption that "civil" disobedience means being polite and "civil." But Thoreau meant the term to mean resistance to "civil" authority — disobeying civil government as opposed to being disobedient in a "civil," harmless way. Our nation's history of nonviolent resistance shows how radical, rebellious and outright revolutionary many acts of civil disobedience have been.

Tracy's book includes a chilling look at FBI surveillance of radical movements, reborn in our day as the Bush Administration's USA PATRIOT ACT. To stand up against governmental repression and injustice, Tracy includes useful strategy insights from the Ruckus Society, a school where protesters train in the art of civil disobedience, as well as a series of practical suggestions on how to engage in political protest while still protecting one's legal rights in court.

FRAMED

Set up for a fall on the streets of Berkeley

A Berkeley Mystery

by Kevin McFarren

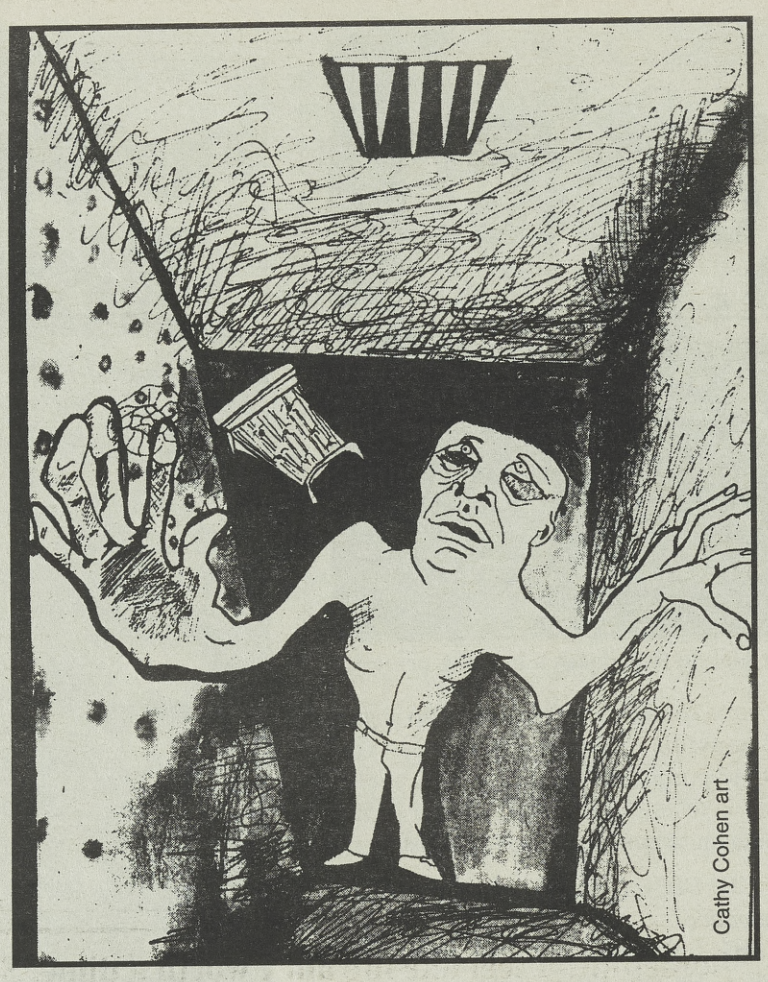
Dave called first thing in the morning. Collect. From jail. Again. He was denied release on own recognizance because of the heinous nature of the crime charged against him. Could I post his bail and would I help him through the criminal justice system (again)?

I used the last of my insurance money from the fire in my building to bail out a street person I only knew as trouble. Sometimes instincts overpower common sense. It wiped out my cash flow, but I knew he was good for it.

With a heartfelt promise to make his court appearance, he told me his story. I had known him for years on the street. Most recently, he had been spending time at Ohlone Park and the North Berkeley Senior Center. Disheveled and homeless, he was hard to miss. As my shrink's office is nearby, it was almost inevitable we would meet. Panhandling one day, years ago, he told me about a bad encounter with a Berkeley Police officer who took exception to his using a tree as a restroom. The officer hurt him pretty bad.

I got him in touch with Ira Oldman, a brilliant lawyer, who has tremendous respect in every court he has ever stepped into. He managed to get the City of Berkeley to give Dave a reasonable settlement, which Ira and I administer for him. That is why I wasn't worried about the bail money. Dave would never have to panhandle again, but he could not settle down. He liked life on the street.

Imagine my surprise when he called to say he was accused of breaking into a veterinary clinic and stealing drugs. He was known to the police as a troublemaker. He spent his days and nights near the clinic. There was no real evidence linking him to the break-in, but the police thought him one of the "usual suspects." So they took him in. And I took him out. And I believed in his innocence.



There were no drugs on him. The only money was what Ira and I could account for having given him.

It was up to Ira to represent him in court and keep him out of jail. I had no doubts about Ira's abilities — after all, he had kept me out of jail more than once.

Importantly, we had pulled Judy as our judge, and she and I have a long history together. Besides helping to get her elected 20-some years ago, we have flirted over the years. Nothing ever came of it, but we don't rule anything out. Fortunately, not enough to recuse herself, especially since it was Ira representing Dave, not me. She knew of my interest in the matter, but there was nothing official. No paper trail. She has been on the bench for over 20 years. No one messes with her, except a masochist. We could not have gotten a better judge. Hell, I have contemplated sleeping with her, and I am still slightly intimidated by her. Some young Alameda County prosecutor wouldn't stand a chance with such a weak case. (I hoped.)

Meanwhile, I wanted to find the real culprit(s). Amazingly, it was Dave himself who gave me the best lead. As a street person and survivor, he sees things ordinary citizens miss. It is part of the survival instinct. What he had seen scared me.

The night of his arrest, he was setting up his bedroll behind a vacant building near the vet clinic. He saw a group of young men, big men, peering into the windows of the clinic. At that point, he was most interested in hiding himself and getting some sleep. It was only after he had been arrested and I bailed him out that he recalled the oddity of these young, well-groomed guys prowling around a vet clinic late at night.

My next stop was the vet clinic itself. Sergeant Doyle of the Berkeley Police Department has a grudging respect for me, and he trusts my instincts. But I was walking on thin ice, because he thought of Dave as incorrigible and deserving to be jailed just as a matter of principle. Cops can be like that. Still, he cut me some slack and suggested to the staff of the vet clinic that they cooperate with me.

I needed information. If this had been a random breaking and entering, cash and marketable valuables would have been taken. That was not the case. What was stolen was Gamma Hydroxy Butyrate (GHB). The only thing stolen. Now I had never heard of the stuff before, but it took little research to find out it is used as an anesthetic for veterinary surgery. Also, it is restricted because of its use as a date rape drug and a human growth hormone.

College jocks are the most likely purchasers. Get muscle mass and rape your date, all with the same drug. There were college jocks out there who set up Dave for the fall, and Berkeley cops, who were probably ex-jocks themselves, covering up something criminal.

Ira did his part and kept Dave out of jail. We will find who broke into the vet clinic and I will use every skill I have to make sure they are prosecuted by someone good, not the rookies they send up against me. I want them never to play organized sports again. If I could, I would have them expelled.

Dave is a sad, lonely soul. They made him suffer a torment he did not deserve. Even Dante does not have a place for them, in his Inferno. But I do.

Poor Leonard's Almanack

Quotations and Original Thoughts
by Leonard Roy Frank
Street Spirit August 2002

Random Wisdom

1. In the 21st century, I believe the mission of the United Nations will be defined by a new, more profound awareness of the sanctity and dignity of every human life, regardless of race or religion. From this vision of the role of the United Nations in the next century flow three key priorities for the future: eradicating poverty, preventing conflict and promoting democracy.
KOFI ANNAN (contemporary Ghanaian diplomat and United Nations secretary general), Nobel Peace Prize acceptance address, Oslo, 10 December 2001

2. A world without [child-rearing] experts would mean parents would still love their children but would not feel compelled to inform them hourly of this fact. They would still read aloud to their youngsters but would do so because they like the feel of little heads on their shoulders, not because research shows that reading to children may bring future academic success.
ANNE CASSADY (contemporary American writer), "Parents Know Better," *New York Times*, 29 March 1999

3. In holding scientific research and discovery in respect, as we should, we must also be alert to the equal and opposite danger that public policy could itself become the captive of a scientific-technological elite.
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER (American president, 1890-1969), farewell address, 17 January 1961

4. If we take people only as they are, we make them worse; if we treat them as though they were what they ought to be, we steer them in the right direction.
GOETHE (German writer, 1749-1832), *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, 1796, translated by Hermann J. Weigand, 1949

5. If one benefits tangibly from the exploitation of others who are weak, is one morally implicated in their predicament? Or are basic rights of human existence confined to those civilized societies wealthy enough to afford them? Everyone's values are defined by what they will tolerate when it is done to others. Everyone's sense of virtue is degraded by the present reality.
WILLIAM GREIDER (contemporary American writer), *One World, Ready Or Not: The Manic Logic Of Global Capitalism*, 1997

6. Human service is the highest form of self-interest.
ELBERT HUBBARD (American writer and editor, 1856-1915), *The Note Book Of Elbert Hubbard*, edited by Elbert Hubbard II, 1927

7. The right to be heard does not automatically include the right to be taken seriously.
HUBERT H. HUMPHREY (American vice president and senator, 1911-1978), speech before the National Student Association, University of Wisconsin, Madison, 23 August 1965

8. The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field; it is the smallest of all seeds, but when it has grown it is the greatest of shrubs and becomes a tree, so that the birds of the air come and make nests in its branches.
JESUS (Hebrew founder of Christianity, A.D. 1st century), *Matthew* 13:31-32

9. Three words were in the captain's heart. He shaped them soundlessly with his trembling lips, as he had not breath to spare for a whisper, "I am lost." And having given up life, the captain suddenly began to live.
CARSON McCULLERS (American writer, 1917-1967), *Reflections In A Golden Eye*, 1941

10. Treasures gained by wickedness do not profit.
PROVERBS 10:2

11. A man differs from a microbe only in being further on the path.
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (Irish playwright, 1856-1950), *Back To Methuselah: A Metabiological Pentateuch*, 1921

12. The idea of god is slightly more plausible than the alternative proposition that, given enough time, some green slime could write Shakespeare's sonnets.
TOM STODDARD (contemporary Czech-born British playwright), quoted in George F. Will, "The Gospel from Science," *Newsweek*, 9 November 1998

13. It is possible to believe that all the human mind has ever accomplished is but the dream before the awakening.
H. G. WELLS (English writer, 1866-1946), "The Discovery of the Future," Royal Institute lecture, London, 24 January 1902

14. Darkness heralds light.
SAYING (ENGLISH)

15. A day without bread is a week long.

16. A hundred enemies outside your house is better than one enemy inside your house; a hundred enemies inside your house is better than one enemy inside your head.

17. It's not the economy, stupid; it's the stupid economy.

18. Never receive a favor you're not prepared to return.

19. The storm that doesn't drown you makes you a better sailor.

20. There are no paths but those which we ourselves make.

21. There are only two kinds of politicians: the indicted and the unindicted.

22. Those who have the answer have misunderstood the question.

23. Virtue eats poorly but sleeps well.

24. We enter the new world one by one together.

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Leonard Roy Frank is the editor of *Random House Webster's Quotationary*, a collection of over 20,000 quotations chosen by amazon.com as one of the 10 best reference works for 1999, and *The Random House Webster's Wit & Humor Quotationary*, with over 6,000 sayings from 1000 humorists.

The Long Road

A Search for New Meaning in Life



Fiction by George Wynn

It was a warm Springfield summer afternoon, with a pleasant ease in the air. Inside the vacant church food pantry, where I'd just finished my shift, the lights were lit. On the floor, reclining against the sacks of potatoes, I read *The Rebel* by Camus.

From down the hall, a young Philippine nun, a large gold cross dangling from her throat, approached with a flier in her hand. Sister Elizabeth and I were on familiar terms. Her face was radiant, with high cheekbones. Her passion for serving the needy was revealed in the majestic gleam of her gentle, almond eyes.

Sometimes we'd discuss Bonhoeffer's ethics when she wasn't running around doing outreach work with the homeless. She and I had notebooks filled with existential quotes. But it was more than the pursuit of truth that bonded us. It was her easy smile without a taint of superficiality that turned me on, spiritually. She used to say that my natural love of conversation relaxed her.

"Jerry, here's something that might interest you," she said, handing me the notice. "None of my clients has yet taken advantage of this man's free services. It's a shame. He's a retired therapist and seemed sincere when we met for lunch." As Sister Elizabeth started off, she advised, "Think about it."

I studied the flier intensely. After a brief reflection, I went around to the pay phone to call him. When I decide on something, it's spontaneous. I'm not a planner. Sister Elizabeth's opinions were not to be taken lightly. She was usually right on the money.

Psychiatry had little appeal; I associated it with recycled best-seller memoirs about depression. But I'd floundered about for years. I needed an emotional tune-up. The phone rang for five minutes before a firm voice picked up. "Can I speak to Caleb?"

"Speaking."

I told him how I learned about him and that I was very interested.

"Good. You have a car?"

"No."

"There's no public transportation. It's a long trek."

"I'll get there."

After giving me directions he asked, "When's your day off?"

"Friday."

"Come in and see me then."

I looked forward to hitching. An affable longhair in a candy-apple-red, 1500 Dodge Ram picked me up. "It's about two miles up that road," the driver pointed as he came to a halt off the highway. We exchanged goodbye waves and I marched up the dusty road. The sun was up and there was heat in the air.

It was an orange wood frame house with grass growing wild out to the rusty blue gate. A burly man with a red beard lolled on a porch sofa with a glass of lemonade. "Come on inside," he said. His easy and direct voice cut through my emotional tension.

I followed him through the first-floor doors past a mountain bike and skis to the far end of the house. In the back was his den, which served as his office. Books and photo albums were scattered everywhere in the large room. On the wall were the customary framed diplomas.

"Sometimes I feel like life ain't worth a dime. Since my parents died and my recently remarried sister-turned-snob disowned me, I been feeling kinda insecure. I mean, with a college degree in philosophy and no marketable skills..."

"So you're the headshrinker," I said.

Caleb laughed a little. "That I am." He had an intelligent, lively face. He wore a suede vest on a western shirt, bolo tie, Levi's and hiking boots with gray-and-red socks. Caleb offered me a seat on a green divan while he ensconced himself on a big oak chair.

Save for the sound of birdsong from the open window, a noiseless ambience prevailed that put me at ease. There were no curtains. The room was full of sunlight. I savored the tranquility for several minutes before Caleb spoke.

"How are you holding up in this confrontational, indifferent world?"

"I have my ups and downs. Unfortunately more downs than ups."

"It ain't easy being a freedom fighter," declared Caleb. "And you folks who've had a taste of the shelter life certainly are that." He shook his head. "Homelessness: the validated 21st century taboo." He seemed to know instantly where I was at.

Caleb observed me with serious green eyes. "What's on your mind?" He asked with the self-assurance of a not-so-sucker who's on the verge of outfoxing a three card monte dealer.

"Sometimes I feel like life ain't worth a dime. Since my parents died and my recently remarried sister-turned-snob disowned me, I been feeling kinda insecure. I mean, with a college degree in philosophy and no marketable skills..." I sighed.

Caleb listened attentively with a single-minded concentration. "That makes things kinda rough in a technology-crazed society," he said. "But then, life isn't always about making ends meet."

"Yeah," I said, realizing that I'd always tried to make sense out of adversity by the small kindnesses in life. It's a great feeling to be in the presence of someone who focuses in and really, really hears you. The lively gleam in his eyes gave him an expression of almost constantly being on the threshold of viewing a particular situation from a different angle.

"Where you from?" I blurted out, because he didn't have the New England ways of reserve.

"Born in the Berkshires, but I grew up on a ranch in Nevada. Thinking of moving back — that's why the office is in a state of disarray. Wanna show you something." He reached for a photo album under his chair. "This was my son, Smiley."

I stared at a color photo of a husky mongoloid man with a huge grin.

"His birth name was Ralph but he hated that name," chuckled Caleb. "I raised him by myself after my wife died when he was eight. Needed a change of scenery after he died. So I returned to Massachusetts."

Caleb's face radiated as if struck by a blast of heat. "Smiley was a genuine Nevada cowboy. Even worked as a clown at a small-town rodeo. He had a great time. He had a bad heart, but he had a good heart. A man's gotta have heart — that's most important. I believe you have it." His eyes twinkled and his lips tightened. "I love to think of my last glimpse of Smiley. It's a good memory. We all need those few fine reminiscences to keep going. Don't you think?"

Somehow being in his presence gave me a sense of new possibilities. He seemed to be free: no labels, no stereotypes. A free thinker. I identified with that.

"When I was a young therapist I used to try primarily to analyze patients in terms of their past history," he continued. "I no longer find that as useful. Pen and journal. I've always been a great admirer of Thoreau. Reflection, walking and jotting down notes." He stood up. "Have some ice cream before you go."

After we both indulged in huge dishes of orange sherbet, Caleb said, "I'll walk you down and you can ride my mountain bike. I need the exercise." I dragged one foot along the pebbly path while I pedaled. "I know every garden, pond and tree around here and I cherish it, but I'm not a New Englander," mused Caleb.

Right then and there I realized I'd only known him for a short time, but he'd planted the seed of curiosity in my soul. "Until we meet again," he patted me on the back as my ride home pulled up.

In the sessions that followed, Caleb focused on the meaning of life: how important it was to have faith in oneself. That seemed to anchor me. No subject was taboo. He never had a frown between his eyes. There'd be those long silences, then he'd speak. The thing about Caleb was that he was not only kind, but he was himself. When he'd say, "You can trust me," he meant it.

Then came winter and Caleb was gone — back to Nevada.

"Your spirits have improved considerably," said Sister Elizabeth.

"Yeah, well, I've been writing a lot," I replied.

"Good, then you should join the writing class that I just started here."

I nodded and told Sister Elizabeth that something had changed deep inside me. I saw Caleb as spiritual opportunity and understood his thing about the meaning of life. She agreed and said that real down-to-earth people like Caleb want to do something positive in their lives by helping others.

In the kitchen, Sister Elizabeth hands me a postcard from Caleb addressed to me. There's a P.S. that says, "If you're ever in the region, door's open, come by — we'll chat."

Believe you me, I'm thinking about it, although I've never lived outside of New England other than my stint in the Coast Guard. Now, as I return to peeling potatoes, I indulge in a reverie of western skies.

Wild Fast Food Afternoon

by George Wynn

just off the BART
sweet september in the burger joint
you sit amongst the masses
reading *street spirit*
and the art of survival
unaware of the venom
at the beggars' banquet
before you can bite into your salad
a combatant is holding a mallet
in his hands
bitterness explodes from mouths
of the unwanted
and chairs fly like men
on the flying trapeze
the circus is in town
duck under the seats

manager and security
guard in hiding
what happened? Albert
Einstein the genius
manager asks
after the testosterone has chilled

all quiet now on the
market street front until
tomorrow's blaze of temper

you know it might not be a bad
idea if Albert E hired
the wired to cook some grub
and earn money
for rent instead of society's snub

Dinner at St. Mary Magdalene Church

Review by Maureen Hartmann

St. Mary Magdalene Church at 2005 Berryman in Berkeley serves dinner for homeless and low-income people on the first and last Sunday of the month at approximately 3:30 p.m. I arrived at about 3:15 p.m. on a recent summer afternoon, and was one of the last to get a ticket. Even though I was near the end of the line of guests, everything being served was still available.

As I walked through the cafeteria-style food service line, volunteers were serving a choice of salads with Italian or ranch dressing. The salad consisted of tomatoes, grated carrots, iceberg lettuce, and romaine lettuce. Meat loaf with tomato sauce on the top was the main entrée. Also, for the guests there were mashed potatoes, with gravy if desired.

For vegetarians, a vegetarian chili was served. The beverage was a choice of Hawaiian punch or milk. The two dessert tables featured a colorful variety of frosted carrot cake, apple dumpling, and chocolate brownies, ready for the taking, on small party paper plates. On a table was plasticware wrapped in paper napkins in individual sets, restaurant style.

I took my food to one of about a dozen long tables, all covered with white, imitation lace tablecloths. The salad and entrée tasted as good as they looked, and a brownie dessert was a special treat.

I interviewed a couple of guests who had just eaten about the quality of the food and service. A woman named Carol said she thought she had been coming to the Sunday night dinners for about a year. She said the food was "very good," adding that the service was "nice." At the dinner I attended she liked both the meat loaf and the chili.

Another guest, a woman who wished to remain anonymous, said she thought she had been coming for about eight months. She said she tries to come every single time, but sometimes when she does not feel well, she just stays home and rests. She lives in a senior home that serves no food.

She said that the food is "very good, because you get two salads, and it's very healthy.... It's done clean; it's done fairly. The meat loaf is lovely. That would be... very difficult for me to prepare. Someone will help (by carrying) your plate, if you're handicapped... They have beautiful desserts. People (in the parish) make desserts for the dinner."

Altogether, the meal at St. Mary Magdalene Church provides a very pleasant dining experience for the hungry.

Where to Eat When You're on the Street



Art by Christa Occhiogrosso

Sister Mary

by Gene Sharee

Fragile in appearance only
Though the wind may blow her
And though her bones be weak
Her spirit matches the mighty oak
Her more than four score years
Carried her to many continents
Riding camels climbing pyramids
Her many friends know her steadfastness
Her religion worn on her sleeves
Expressed through her hands
Her religion tested attested daily
Not a dogma needing recitation
Her sisterhood manifested in her warmth
Ever reaching out, touching, caring
Her feelings extend to all human beings
Whatever the task, she's there
Willing and able,
Without complaint, boast, or brag
Ubiquitous, challenging, on the go
Be it service on committees, boards,
With hands at ready, outstretched
Her sense of humor smiles in her eyes
Four ordinary humans must mightily
Struggle trying to carry her load
Sister Mary as you live forever
So may we love you forever.

The Bag I Drag Behind

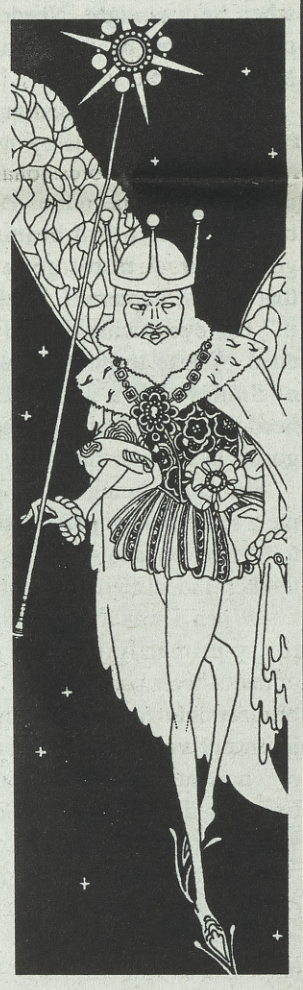
by Gloria M. Rodriguez

The bag I drag behind
contains memories of
unfulfilled dreams
promises to myself and those
that mattered
possibilities for others to enjoy
purpose
betterment
definition of one's self
desire for accomplishment
place in time

Now
the bag has become musty
still I drag it behind
in hopes of one day opening it
to share struggling dreams
washed by a new purpose

The Homeless Horoscope

by Nate Bernhardt



LEO (July 23 - August 22)
President Bush will blow it again while making a speech when he ends it with this revealing slip of the tongue: *"Buy the people, force the people, up the people!"*

VIRGO (August 23 - September 22)
After hearing that Bush got rich by using "insider information" to sell off his Harken stock, you try to cash in with your own insider information. Sadly, there isn't a single shelter in the city that will let you "inside" in the first place.

LIBRA (September 23 - October 23)
Your buddy strikes it rich! He is allowed inside a city shelter and comes trotting out with "insider information" — namely, sell all your stock in Flophouse Shelters Inc. *now* because Bush is about to defund all homeless programs.

SCORPIO (October 24 - November 22)
An Enron executive will panhandle in your city with a sign saying: "Will make your corporation look like it's worth billions when it's not worth a goddamn thing — for food."

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 - December 21)
One metric Enron ton equals the amount of bullshit expelled from the White House that will fertilize the Rose Garden for one million years.

CAPRICORN (December 22 - January 19)
As CEO of Halliburton, Dick Cheney got away scot-free after he ripped off a fortune via accounting fraud. Yet the government will prosecute *you* for food stamp fraud because you forgot to properly fill in one line on page 23 of your 35-page application.

AQUARIUS (January 20 - February 18)
Life is good, Aquarius! You will make a million bucks after you show local shelters how to recycle unwanted pests by marketing a tasty new food called "Lice-a-Roni."

PISCES (February 19 - March 20)
If you want to get rich, Pisces, remember Bernhardt's First Law of Economics: When you're poor, you live with your mother. When you're rich, you evict your mother.

ARIES (March 21- April 19)
Things are tough all over, Aries. Seymour Jacoby, who writes a column titled, "Jacoby on bridge," is now homeless and will change the title to "Jacoby under the bridge."

TAURUS (April 20 - May 20)
While sitting in the waiting room of a temp employment agency, you will be killed in the resulting stampede when the staff announces an opening for a wine taster.

GEMINI (May 21 - June 20)
You try to defeat your city's ban on sleeping by taking No-Doz for two years straight.

CANCER (June 21- July 22)
Martha Stewart's next episode will show how to tastefully decorate your jail cell and bake a perfect Glazed Spam for that stay-at-home dinner in solitary confinement. Coming up for the holidays: Martha Stewart's tips for a White Christmas for White Collar Criminals.

Same Story

by Kevin McFarren

Checked my mail today.
Nothing.
Check it again tomorrow.
Same story.
I sometimes cry at nights
Because of who I am
And who I could have been.
Someone once wrote that the street
Is a harsh mistress.
Compared to what?

Film to Explore Jonestown's Legacy

by Paul VanDeCarr

"After Jonestown" is the name of a documentary film now being made to explore the legacy of one of the most public and stigmatized tragedies of the last quarter century — the massacre at Jonestown. The filmmakers are doing research on the topic, and are seeking people associated with Jonestown to talk off-camera for background.

On November 18, 1978, over 900 Americans — most of them African-Americans, and many of them from the San Francisco Bay Area — died of cyanide poisoning in what has been variously described as a mass suicide, mass murder, or massacre. They were in a remote jungle settlement called Jonestown, in Guyana, South America. It would become known as the nation's worst act of so-called cult violence.

Jonestown had grown out of Peoples Temple — a primarily African-American congregation headed by a white preacher named Jim Jones — located on Geary Street in the Fillmore district of San Francisco. The Jonestown tragedy was thus especially devastating to the Bay Area's African-American communities.

The deaths came on the heels of urban renewal in the Fillmore, a transformation that community activists derided as "black removal." Local and national politics took a turn to the right soon after, and poverty and homelessness increased in the area.

Besides being a tragic loss of life, Jonestown was a financial blow to many Bay Area families, many of whom were already financially stressed. People associated with Jonestown were often so stigmatized that many surviving families were not helped financially, emotionally, or spiritually in the days and years following the tragedy.

The film "After Jonestown" will explore the stories of a handful of survivors, relatives of people who died, Peoples Temple defectors, and others connected to this tragedy. It will focus on the personal stories of people associated with Jonestown, and link those stories to larger political and social changes.

The filmmakers are looking for people directly connected to Peoples Temple and Jonestown — survivors, relatives of those who died, former members, and others with a direct personal connection. They would like to talk with such people for background and information — off camera. They are particularly interested in speaking with African-Americans associated with Jonestown, as their stories have often been ignored in films and books on the subject. The filmmakers guarantee the confidentiality and anonymity of all who contact them. They offer open ears, and will listen to people's stories without judgment.

Contact: Paul VanDeCarr (415) 355-1327 (call collect if necessary); or Pam Harris 415-370-4169 (call collect if necessary). Or write to: After Jonestown, c/o Paul VanDeCarr, PO Box 425501, San Francisco, CA 94142-5501.

E-mail: AfterJonestown@yahoo.com

Website www.geocities.com/afterjonestown

Fear Rises as Pain Clinic Closes in Oakland

from page two

9, 2002, when three Painfighters, including Michelle Rousey, pleaded for help during the Open Forum. This gained the attention of City Councilmember Jane Brunner, who scheduled a hearing that will include politicians such as Wilma Chan, Nate Miley, and Don Perata in hopes of keeping the pain clinic open.

During a protest outside Summit on July 15, a dozen Painfighters sprang into action to bring more attention to the plight of patients being deprived of their beloved clinic. Patient Philip Morris said that no one notified him of the clinic closure. He only realized what occurred when he found a bolted door to the clinic during his last visit.

The pharmacy of Summit notified patient Tracy Titus that her benefits were cut off when she went in for a refill — another horror story in this growing fiasco resulting from the lack of a humane process to assist these desperately ill people as their lives are being ripped apart by a merciless system. Titus stated that she has not been pain-free for the last 15 years, and wonders how many will die as the direct result of the clinic closure.

Lisa Rubin and Leona Simms worked late into the night, until around 2:00 a.m., preparing for the July 15 rally, finishing up a long faxing session after putting together a flier and press release to go out to media outlets throughout the Bay Area. They were then up again a few hours later to alert other Painfighters to join them at Summit for the 2 p.m. rally. It worked, and the Painfighters group is growing ever larger as the story of their plight hits the public domain, and they try to reach other patients of the pain clinic being dumped by Summit/Sutter Health Care System.

Another member of Painfighters is six-foot-tall ex-Womens Warrior basketball champ Dee Stranvold, who has been in a wheelchair since her accident on July 11, 1972, which resulted in four surgeries during the past five years. She was due for another surgery on July 18, three days after the protest at Summit, and was trying to make the best of it. Added to her concerns is the loss of the pain clinic and the feelings of wanting to commit suicide if the clinic fails to remain open.

Stranvold said she became a patient of the Summit pain clinic three or four years ago, has been under treatment by doctors Halperin, Miller, and Roberts, and is known as a pump patient. She first tried a trial pain pump on March 11, 1999, and went on to have an implanted pain pump placed in the left side of her abdomen.

The pain pump (the size of a muffin) resides inside a mesh bag and delivers a timely, precise dosage of medication (dilaudid) to the area needed in her body to kill the pain. A hose is attached to the pump, with a needle attached at the other end of the hose. It took three tries of inserting the needle before it was finally placed where it did not create even more pain. Stranvold's pain pump needs refilling about every three weeks due to the heavy dosage of dilaudid needed to keep pain to a minimum level so that she may function on a daily basis.

This pain clinic has three doctors who smoothly function together as a team to be effective in giving the treatment needed for the chronically ill. Dr. Halperin is a pain specialist, Dr. Miller a PhD pharmacist-pain management specialist, and Dr. Roberts is a neuropsychologist.

In a recent letter to Congresswoman Barbara Lee, Rubin and Simms write: "Pain Management is a highly specialized service, encompassing many modalities including surgeries, psychological counseling and complicated medications. Many of us have experienced other pain clinics to no avail. We believe this clinic to be the most professional, caring and effective treatment we have been blessed to receive. If this clinic closes, Oakland residents will lose a valuable medical resource, and those on Medi-Cal and Medicare will have no access to decent pain services at all."

Painfighters united in the struggle are Leona F. Simms, Lisa Rubin, Patricia Smalley, Tracy Titus, Sandy Morris, Joyce Letts, Frank Moreno, Morris Schoonover, Michelle Rousey, Floyd Lanning, Nancy Ward, Dee Stranvold, and others. They are a beautiful group of souls trying to regain their lives through pain management.

Alta Bates Summit Medical Center was created by a merger with Sutter Health Care Systems, and was heavily opposed by consumer unions. In a losing bid to stop the merger, Attorney General Bill Lockyer filed an antitrust suit on August 10, 1999, after the Federal Trade Commission failed to object to the alleged nonprofit's scheme.

Sutter Health Care System claims to be a nonprofit, employs nearly 33,000 people, runs 10 medical research centers and 26 acute care hospitals. It serves 100 communities, and claims to have relationships with approximately 5,000 doctors.

Sutter Health Care System was created in a January 1996 merger between Sacramento-based Sutter Health and Bay Area-based California Health Care System. During 2001, four billion dollars in net patient revenues were recorded for the overall Sutter Health Care System Network. Sutter Health Board of Directors are: Ralph E. Andersen, Mary Jane Armacost, Kenni Friedman, Van R. Johnson, Lawrence G. Mohr, Jr., Dennis O'Connell, Gary L. Depolo, Michael A. Roosevelt, Jim Gray, Theodore 'Ted' Saenger, Robert B. Swanson, M.D., Sharon Y. Woo, and Don Wreden, M.D.

Summit's website states the following about the importance of effective pain management: "Pain Management Service — Unrelieved pain, according to the American Pain Society Principles of Analgesic Use, is the most common patient complaint. Furthermore, many patients silently and unnecessarily tolerate inadequately relieved pain.

"Summit Medical Center's Pain Management Service was introduced on March 18, 1996, and is designed to make pain management accessible to all patients and referring physicians. In short, the program wants to provide a simple 'one-stop-shopping' form of pain management. This program enables professionals from more than twenty subspecialties to assess, diagnose, and treat pain from the most common daily aches to the most difficult problems encountered in advanced cancer, and in post-surgical and chronic pain."

Apparently, the board of directors of Sutter Health Care Systems disagree with the professional opinion expressed above, and Sutter's reputation for destroying good hospitals continues to gain ground.

On November 11, 1997, during a speech to the Auburn Rotary Club about the destruction of a community hospital by Sutter Health, Dr. William Kirby, chief of staff for Sutter Auburn Faith Hospital, stated the following: "Sutter Health represents the most malicious, two-faced, duplicitous organization that I have ever dealt with. The people that work for them will look you straight in the face and lie. Nothing that they say can be trusted. They are absolutely dishonest. They are driven by POWER, GREED, PROFIT and CONTROL. They don't really give a DAMN about the quality of patient care. Sutter Health is the primary contributor to the destruction of local health care in Auburn."

The closure of Summit's Pain Clinic follows on the heels of the closure of the Sickle Cell Clinic at Summit, and Stranvold believes that they are following the same formula used to close the Sickle Cell Clinic. This time though, Stranvold believes that Sutter/Summit underestimated the resolve of the Painfighters to hold their ground and put up a fight.

Oaklanders are screaming out for justice in a town where the crooks seem to be running the system, and it is high time for Mayor Jerry Brown to explain why Oakland has become the land of evictions, failing health care systems, unrelieved pain, and corruption. The Painfighters are working to remind Oakland to recognize their need for humane medical care and to come to their rescue to keep the pain clinic open.

The Painfighters are trying to unite the *patients of the Pain Clinic before it finally* closes its doors, and build a successful campaign to demand that it remains open. The Painfighters' message is that we are all one and the same in this struggle.

Painfighters accept any public support that they can garner to keep the pain clinic open and urge people to contact them at (510) 652-3388. Anyone with a bit of time, energy, or donations to fund this struggle are urged to get involved and help out. This is a worthy cause.

Strategic Planning

by Lynda Cobden

Paint a picture.
Gloss over the pain.
Make it one size fits all.
Make it convenient and antiseptic.
Sell it so all may buy it.

Haight Ashbury Clinic Not Supporting Newsom's Plan

from page five

saying, 'No!' My emphasis has always been making sure the homeless have decent adequate services. Homeless people don't have enough psychiatric, medical, or social services. (What services there are) need more funding, just basic things like bathrooms, showers."

In our lengthy interview, Dr. Staggers drew upon his many years' experience working as a medical provider to homeless people. He emphasized four main points about the illness, suffering and premature deaths caused by homelessness:

1. "We all know that homelessness wreaks havoc on physical and mental health," Staggers said. "Homeless people live a shorter amount of time. One study by Drs. Goldman and Sacks around 1990 first showed that homelessness itself is a risk factor for premature death. Subsequent studies indicate if you are homeless you have more chance of getting killed, you are at risk for AIDS, or TB, for mental breakdown. Homeless people die prematurely. I always emphasize it is hard in San Francisco to find services for my homeless patients. We don't have enough services, and the services we have are at risk of getting budget cuts."

2. "It depends on the city, but a huge number of homeless people have addiction problems," Staggers continued. "Homelessness and addiction is a significant thing. Statistical studies (reveal that) the number of homeless people who have mental illness, mental illness and alcoholism, and mental illness, alcohol and drug addiction is huge. The overlap between addiction types and homelessness is also huge."

"We all know that homelessness wreaks havoc on physical and mental health. One study by Drs. Goldman and Sacks showed that homelessness itself is a risk factor for premature death. Subsequent studies indicate if you are homeless you have more chance of getting killed, you are at risk for AIDS, or TB, for mental breakdown." — Dr. Frank Staggers, Haight Ashbury Free Clinic

3. "Newsom and his Care Not Cash camp are tarring the homeless with the addiction brush," Staggers said. "People say that drug addiction leads to homelessness. People say homelessness creates drug addiction. What is the truth? The truth is it can go either way. It's a two-way street. I can't count the number of folks who had decent jobs, were good all-American citizens, then got on drugs, and now they're homeless. We see that all the time.

"However, I have also seen the opposite. For example, most of the women patients I've got are routinely and repeatedly raped within a few days of being homeless because it is very hard to protect yourself. Many of my women have all these survival skills. They reverse their sleep patterns because if they stop moving at night, they'll get raped. They come in to me and they say, 'Doc, I can't sleep during the night. I have to keep moving at night in order to stay alive.' I support (the general public) being educated on how stressful homelessness is because that is not understood. You can tell people I have women who are repeatedly raped. Then they have post traumatic stress disorder. This can lead to the use of substances in order to anesthetize the stress. People don't know that.

"A lot of people are one paycheck away from being homeless. I see patients who are normal folks who became homeless. They get raped, mugged, beat up. They totally become stressed out, and then they start taking drugs as the result of the stress of the homelessness. I see it all the time — homelessness leads to stress, which leads to drug abuse. I'm glad you asked that question because it is such an important issue that people don't understand. If you are going to write about it, I would be very grateful if you could get this information out there. Homelessness is a major physical and psychiatric stressor which can lead to substance abuse and addiction."

4. "Some take the position that there are plenty of shelter beds," Staggers concluded. "You can't just count beds. You must ask, 'What is the quality and safety of the shelter?' A lot of homeless tell me, and I have visited those shelters myself and observed, that they are horrible and unsafe, especially for women. You are actually safer staying outside than sleeping in shelters."

In the end, Staggers waxed optimistic. "Most of the feedback I've got is positive. I have gotten a lot of calls from folks who took my statement in the *Chronicle* the right way. They said they were glad to see somebody talking about not enough services for the homeless. Everybody said that the statement that we have horrible poverty — it's Third World quality — they said, 'People need to know that.' "

Carol Harvey is an artist and journalist. She has a BA and MA in Language, Literature, and History from the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, and extensive teaching experience.



Jorge, Dennis, Teresa, Tom and Chris lift the "Buddha cloth" to unveil the new memorial stone installed at St. Raphael Catholic Church to honor the homeless.



Musicians play songs to honor the memory of homeless friends who died in Marin County. At left is Chaplain Chris Highland.

Neville Armstrong photos

Living Memorial Honors Those Who Died Homeless in Marin

Homeless people's search for home can be a cruel joke, especially in Marin County. It looks like paradise on paper, but Marin is clouded by a wealth of poverty.

from page one

In 2001, we processed with flowers bearing the names of the "brave." But early in 2002, the stone and plaque were stolen. Hate crimes come in many ugly shapes. This was more than a disrespect toward the church, toward the chaplaincy. It was a crime against the memory of our friends that must be answered.

This year a new, larger stone and plaque were set in concrete by the tree. The procession began once again in Albert Park, a gathering place for the unhoused community, where the "Wellness, Art and an Open Mike" music group meets each week. Blending in with the 50 participants were social workers, priests and ministers, a director of St. Vincent de Paul and a police officer who brought his son.

Joan Hope, chair of the Marin chaplaincy, opened with words of sad joy (irony is a reality of the street) welcoming people to a life-giving event. I have served as a chaplain in jails and on the streets for 17 years, and I spoke of the touchable untouchables in the words of Mahatma Gandhi: "If all worked for their bread and no more, then there would be enough food for all. There would be no rich and no poor, none high and none low, no touchable and no untouchable."

Frank Leon, a formerly houseless musician, led the gathering on the grass in a soulful rendition of "Stand By Me" with a few added lines:

"*If the streets we walk upon,*
should make us stumble or fall
Or our neighbors forget we are here;
We will try, we will try,
we won't turn away
Side by side, we will stand,
or sit without fear."

The procession, carrying multi-colored flowers, led in past years by Buddhist bells, was this year led by the drumming of David Shelton on a Native American drum. Bria, a Zen Buddhist, followed the silent steps with a clacker of mindfulness. Vickie Otto of St. Raphael rang the church bells along our way. Father Paul Rossi of St. Raphael greeted everyone with his characteristic, good-hearted humor, saying we are all God's children and are never forgotten.

The new stone, veiled under a cloth printed with a bright Buddha, was revealed and dedicated. "Voyage, Dear Love," a new poem composed for the occasion, was read by Bob King.

Voyage, Dear Love

As curlews cry the morning awake,
And egrets stand in white silence;
We voyage, dear love, to first light.
Prayer of bread broken to ashes,
As the salmon king
Calls the pacing sea to harness.

Sailing free, in the drinking wind,
The ark of our love slips seaward,
To the white-capped mountains
That rise above the sky-mirrored sea.

We offer,
On the white mountain altar,
Our heart's song
of flaked crystal fire.
On the far, far shore,
Within the eye of stillness,
Light reclaims Light.

We then recited the names of those who had died homeless in Marin. Seventy names were read by seven people. Every name was repeated loudly by the gathered rally. Sharon, "Guitar John," "Dirty Mike" and Sue, Donna, Connie, "Teacher Tom" and "Bones." Over and over, 70 names were spoken out, shouted with feeling. More names were called out: "Montana Mike!" "Jonathan Flowers!" A pause of deep breath and silence followed.

Then, an original song performed by street musician Kurt Brahm, entitled "Above the Streets," charged the crowd with the words:

I walk the streets;
there's always someone to meet;
There's always a friend;
to help you to your end.
Oh, above the streets...
There are so many eyes;
hiding souls that have died;
Once we were babies who cried.

And I ain't seen the change;
and I ain't seen the change;
All the prophets have claimed;
their words shall arrange.
Revolution in name; above the streets.

We ended with a circle. What else could we do? Suzanne Ellison of the chaplaincy held the tree and everyone touched another. The sacred energy passed from the tree to each soul.

The circle wasn't perfect. In fact, it was ugly and disorganized, as viewed by those driving by, we're sure. Yet in this circle was the hope of the whole community — the neighborhoods, the town, the county, the Bay Area, the state, the country, the world... the universe.

Because this circle held, for a moment, the compassionate and nonviolent sacred image of the future; the religion of our children and our children's children that needs no flag or pledge but loving-kindness. This circle was a fleeting bubble of beauty without which we are lost and brave souls will not be fully honored.

All those who have died were in that circle. It was a death-dance of celebration. Life in the making. No terror could enter. No tear could go without comfort.

As chaplain to the unhoused people of Marin, I said, "No one is untouchable. Let's vow to add no more names to the list next year. Let's take care of ourselves and each other. If the first stone was taken in hate, we must love the one who took it! Love must be the response to hate. And if this stone is taken, we'll put in another and another if we have to! This is OUR sacred ground. It's up to each of us to protect it. Walk with blessing!"

As the crowd dispersed with laughter and a few tears, the chaplain hugged one of our sickest friends. "We don't want to have you on the list next year."

"The odds are against me."

"Well, let's turn those odds to your favor." Smiles and more hugs.

In the "home of the brave" some survive and sing on. Many don't. Many in the community care. Some don't. People don't feel they belong anywhere — they are not welcomed anywhere — so their search for "home" can be a cruel joke, especially in Marin County, this paper paradise for poor people.

This area looks good on paper. It attracts the paper-rich and the beautiful people. Those who are paper-poor and not so attractive are drawn here too. But the beauty of Nature's temple is clouded by a wealth of poverty. The green of the hills and valleys gets covered by the green of the paper that says "in god we trust."

Under all that, under our society's emphasis on material wealth, we find people who are only wealthy in heart. The chaplaincy discovers, uncovers the hidden wealth of people who only seem poor. We walk a little of the road alongside the weary travelers and try to help our friends find moments of rest, before their final rest.

A few years ago a guy told us he keeps the gravestones clear in the cemetery where he sleeps. "A cemetery is the only place to rest in this town." It's a brave thing to live among the dead.

She is trying hard to stay sober, and every day her liver reminds her that she may not have long to live.

He says he wants to live and work the program, but he can't let go of the drug that's eating him alive.

She pushes her cart, talks to herself and she's been assaulted once. When will the next time be? Will it be the last?

He has been sick for many years and can't seem to get the help he needs for health and housing. He talks of suicide.

Who will the next ones be? Whose names will be called out next year at our memorial? What names and faces and souls will be thought of by the silent procession of 2003? If we can prevent one from being added to the growing list — maybe by connecting just one to housing or health services, or to hope — we will have a more joyful procession next year.

What is the answer to all this needless death? We need to move beyond the terrorism haunting our streets. Too many of us are afraid. Afraid of each other. People in houses are afraid of their displaced neighbors who are houseless, and they live in fear that they might lose everything one day and be without a house.

People living and sleeping outside are afraid, living in fear of the police, the speeding cars, the dope and the dopes that don't care about living anymore; afraid that a healthy, whole life would mean running the race to riches that leaves one empty.

We are all afraid. We are afraid that we have limited options. We live with a gnawing fear that community — real, compassionate community — might not exist anymore. Many today fear that the flag-wavers and the pious patriots, who worship an American God of wealth and comfort, are winning their own war on the weak.

But we all lose when we base our spirit on fearfulness. As Gandhi said, "God is Truth and Love and Fearlessness." We all lose unless we remember all the brave, including Gandhi, King and the countless dead on our streets, who have given their lives so that we need not fear to be free.

The road to the home of the brave is something we could call Matriotism. To be a Matriot is to make a declaration of interdependence and pledge allegiance to a planetary flag. We can be world-citizens of Mother Earth, fighting for our homeland with truth, compassion, justice and hope. Taking up these nonviolent arms that meet hate with love isn't a dream. It is a reality that begins with each person taking care of their own small patch of ground (under a roof of wood or a roof of woods) and their own well-being in solitude and community.

Fearless matriots walk silently each year through our city and reclaim the roots of community, planting the sheltering home everyone needs and deserves. At the roots of one tiny tree we place our flowers and our hopes. We will remember that Life is not untouchable, but a good and precious gift to be touched and enjoyed, one person at a time, for the good of all.

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